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OUR MOURNING CUSTOMS.

REVERENCE for the dead is a sentiment as natural and commendable as it is of long standing and universally entertained among mankind. There is scarcely, we believe, any race of men, however barbarous, to whom the "graves of the fathers" are not objects of veneration. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the "untutored savage" does not, in this matter, put civilised man to shame. His veneration is real, not affected, as in civilised life it is too apt to be. The care he bestows upon the burying-place of his tribe, and the monuments he erects there, may be simple, but his care is constant and his tributes are genuine and effective, not meretricious and more for the glorification of the living than in honour of the departed; and who shall say as much for the tombs we erect over our progenitors and friends? In numerous instances, indeed, we take no heed whatever for the last resting-places of those who were once, in appearance at least, dear as well as near to us: we bury them out of our sight, and there an end. Look at the majority of our churchyards—we are here thinking, of course, of England, not of the civilised world in general—are they not rather monuments of neglect than of respectful care? Hundreds of mere grassy hillocks meet the eye in the "God's acres" of Britain, without a stick or stone to tell who sleeps below; and when headstones and similar mementoes are erected care is taken to set forth in full the earthly titles and honours, such as they were, of the dead, in order that the living may derive some reflected lustre therefrom; and when that purpose has been served, the tombs are allowed to crumble into dust, headstones to become dis-

arranged, and inscriptions to be obliterated. Yea, do we not often accelerate the process of destruction by turning loose into our graveyards sheep, poultry, and even pigs? We have ourselves seen all three at work, under the eyes, certainly with the concurrence, perhaps for the personal profit, of the incumbent, who ought to be the guardian, not the desecrator, of the parish sepulchre. Better, to our thinking, the stately forest tree, the humble shrub, the simple flowers, and the periodical visit with which the savage marks, and shows his respect for, his family burial-ground, than the hollow affectation of grief, the evanescent pretence of reverence, and the long after-neglect that characterise the dealings of the great mass of civilised Englishmen with the memories of departed friends. Furthermore, unlike civilised Englishmen at all events, the savage does not utilise the graves of his fathers. If compelled by circumstances to change his locale, he does not sell the tribal burying-place, but leaves it as a spot sacred through all time, or—until the advent of civilisation: a dedication which even enemies (if they also be savages) generally respect. We manage these things differently here in Britain. When we can no longer huddle body upon body in an urban graveyard, we shut it up for a season, permitting it to become a howling wilderness—a veritable abode of desolation. After a time we rear our habitations on the bones of our fathers (and many a heavy load, in every sense, we lay upon them), or remorselessly drive a road or railway through the disused churchyard; and if the contents thereof incommode us, we cart them off as so much rubbish, fit only to fill up a ditch or help in forming an embankment: to which uses, as

a rule, we accordingly devote them. We do not say that neglect and desecration are universal among us, for we note with pleasure many exceptions in which a reverent care is bestowed on graves; but we do say that they are much too general, and that in all our mourning customs we exhibit more consideration for ourselves than honour for the dead—a meanness that is to be as heartily condemned as genuine veneration for the names and tombs of our fathers is to be respected.

It is not, then, to the sentiment that prompts our mourning customs that we object, but to the forms in which we are in the habit of embodying it. To begin with, there is the custom of wearing sable garments after a death occurs in a family. Will anyone say that man or woman cannot mourn as truly in a coloured as in a black dress? or that a simple band of crape—if we must needs affect the sombre—worn round the arm, for instance, as is the military fashion, would not as truly indicate sorrow and respect as long trailing sable skirts, jet ornaments, and costly black broadcloth can do? And, furthermore, does not the desire to flaunt in new attire, among well-to-do people, prompt the donning of mourning much more frequently than a wish to pay respect to the departed? If this desire and its influence were confined to those who can afford to pay for mourning habiliments, there would be less to say against it, though sham displays of grief, like all other shams, are in themselves detestable. But the example of the well-to-do—and herein lies the mischief—governs the action of the indigent, and compels them, in millions of cases, to ruin themselves in order to follow an evil fashion and to



CLAREMONT HOUSE, SURREY, WHERE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE PASSED THEIR HONEYMOON.



avoid being talked about. Mrs. Grundy here, as in numberless other matters, is one of the greatest curses with which poor, foolish humanity is afflicted. Take a case which is present to our mind's eye while we write:—Fever, small-pox, or other disease gets into a family; a death occurs; there are the expenses of sickness to defray, a doctor's bill to be paid, work more or less interrupted, funds run low, debt is contracted, and, in addition to all this, which is unavoidable, there must be incurred, in obedience to social custom, the unnecessary costs of family mourning and the charges of a funeral in a style that serves no useful purpose, that expresses no sorrow, and exhibits no genuine respect. The family—it is a common case, as well as true of the particular one of which we are just now thinking—is deeply encumbered with a load of debt, has its industry mortgaged, as it were, for months; and before the load is cleared away disease again makes its advent in the family—facilitated, may be, if not caused, by the privations endured; another death happens, and the whole miserable process is repeated, a fresh slough of debt and difficulty is plunged into: and all for what? To satisfy the demands of a tyrant custom, begotten of vanity and perpetuated by selfishness. Is not this custom of "wearing mourning," as the phrase goes, one that would be much more honoured in the breach than in the observance?

Then, again, consider the manner in which funerals are "performed"—as the trade term for the exhibition runs. Is it not a notorious fact that the charges of professional undertakers are a great deal higher than they need be? And do not the said professional undertakers, as a rule, take advantage of—trade upon, in fact—the afflictions of their clients to secure unwarrantable profits for their services? And those services themselves, are they not much more a mockery than a manifestation of woe? In the first place, there is the musty-fusty hearse, with its dingy and often dilapidated plumes; there are the black steeds, not unfrequently coloured for the occasion; there are scarfs, and cloaks, and hatbands, that have been worn by goodness knows how many antecedent mourners, and may have covered no one can tell how much of filth, foulness, and even disease; and then—abomination of abominations—there are the gaunt, sombre-clad "mutes," who hire out their "mourning" faces and crapedecked wands at so much per hour or per job! What sensible man or woman would not gladly rid himself or herself of all this mockery and sham if it could be done without invoking the silly comments and sillier condemnation of "the neighbours"? And would not that influence be a wholesome one that should tend to mitigate, if not to wholly reform, the mourning customs of England in this latter half of the nineteenth century? A "Mourning and Funeral Reform Association," the members of which, by precept and example, should devote their energies to the abolition of all the mercenary show that now waits upon death, would be one of the most useful institutions that could be devised; and we hope ere long to witness the formation of such a society—among the rich, of course, for they only have the power to modify the evils connected with the mourning customs of our time and country.

Meanwhile, pending the formation of said association and the consequent inauguration of a thorough reform of our mourning customs, we welcome a movement in the direction of modifying one branch thereof. A company has been formed (as we are not inditing an advertisement, we abstain from mentioning the company's name) having for its aim the simplification, improvement, and cheapening of funerals. This is action in at least the right direction, if it be only partial; and, we hope, will pave the way for further change. Pomp, if it be wanted, can of course still be had by paying for it; but, according to the company's prospectus, funerals may now be "performed" (we beg pardon for repeating the slang of the trade) decently and in order—more decently and in better order than at present—for little more than half the usual charges. That, we think, must prove a great boon to the poor, and be at the same time a decided improvement, and so we hail it gladly.

In quitting this subject for the present, we are anxious not to be misunderstood or to be thought inconsistent in pleading for truer reverence for the dead and increased care of graves and graveyards, and yet deprecating the wearing of expensive mourning and indulging in ostentatious funeral rites. That which is needful and becoming we respect and honour, but that which is neither needful nor becoming we condemn. To preserve in a neat and tidy condition the last resting-places of the departed is at least becoming, inexpensive, and harmless, if it be not absolutely needful. There is no necessity for elaborate tombs and blazoned monuments. A little fresh turf now and then, a few simple flowers, a small measure of loving care, and the rigid exclusion from "God's-acre" of destructive animals, be they quadruped or biped, would suffice. On the other hand, the donning of complete suits of mourning garments and indulging in hollow perfunctory funeral displays are at once unbecoming, wasteful, and injurious. Hence the distinction we draw between the two sets of observances; and we trust that mankind will, by-and-by, come over to our way of thinking concerning them.

CLAREMONT HOUSE.

A NEW interest henceforth attaches to Claremont, where Princess Louise and her husband have gone to spend the honeymoon. This picturesque Royal seat lies in one of the pleasantest districts of Surrey, fourteen miles from London, on the left of the South-Western Railway.

Claremont has been a place of note since the time of Queen Anne, when Sir John Vanbrugh built for himself a small house here; which was afterwards sold to Thomas Pelham Holles, Earl

of Clare. This nobleman, advanced to the Dukedom of Newcastle in 1715, "added a magnificent room for the entertainment of large companies when he was in administration;" he also augmented the estate, as well by new purchases of land as by inclosures from the adjoining heath. He likewise built a castellated prospect-house on a mount in the park, calling it, after his own title, *Claremont*, which subsequently became the general name of the estate. During his occupancy the plantations were greatly increased, and the grounds laid out by Kent, the celebrated landscape-gardener.

After the decease of the Duke of Newcastle, in 1768, the estate was sold by his Duchess to the gallant Lord Clive, who had the grounds remodelled, and a new mansion built, by "Capability" Brown; it is said, at a cost of upwards of £100,000.

The next possessor of the Claremont estates was Viscount Galway, and then the Earl of Tyrconnel; who, in 1807, resold the property to Charles Rose Ellis, Esq.; who, in 1816, conveyed the whole to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, under the Act for providing a suitable residence for her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte, upon her marriage with Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Coburg. By the above Act it was ordained that the Royal pair should enjoy the Claremont property during their joint lives. It was also provided that in the event of the death of the Princess or the Prince, the survivor should hold the same as when it continued in their joint occupation. The lamented death of the Princess took place here, Nov. 6, 1817.

The house at Claremont is said to be "the only complete mansion that Brown ever built, although he altered many." It occupies a commanding eminence, near the middle of the park; it is of brick, with stone dressings, and the eastern or carriage front has a stately Corinthian portico, within the pediment of which are sculptured the arms and supporters of Lord Clive. The saloon, or entrance-hall, is very spacious; and there are eight noble rooms upon this floor, and they contain several paintings, principally portraits, including that of the Princess Charlotte, by Lawrence. In the drawing-room is a superbly painted porcelain table, presented to Prince Leopold by Charles X. of France.

On the middle floor is the suite of rooms occupied by her Majesty and Prince Albert when residing at Claremont. In the Prince's dressing-room are small whole-lengths of Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, from paintings by Dawe, in the gallery. The pleasure-grounds of Claremont occupy about sixty acres of ever-varying scenery. Luxuriant laurels and other evergreens clothe the heights and slopes, and long avenues of beech and elm stretch through the glades. At a short distance from the mansion, on the west, is the mount which gives name to the estate; and not far hence is an aged cork tree, beneath the shade of which her Majesty and her Royal Consort were wont to breakfast in the summer. Still further west is the conservatory, of lofty oblong design with circular ends.

About a quarter of a mile north-west of the mansion is the mausoleum of Princess Charlotte, originally designed by her for an alcove. From the garden which surrounds it a fine view is gained over the lake below.

On the eastern side of the park are the farm-grounds, wherein is an obelisk erected by the Duke of Newcastle. Near the house, on the north-east, are the flower and kitchen gardens—about ten acres. In the former is a magnolia more than thirty feet high; and a rich clump of azaleas, planted by Princess Charlotte. The vineries and pine-pits are of considerable extent, and very fine fruit is raised in them.

Claremont Park is about 3½ miles in circumference, the chief entrance being near Esher. It is surrounded by a ring fence, and includes an area of about 300 acres; but the whole extent of the Claremont demesne is, probably, not less than 1500 or 1600 acres. After the Revolution in Paris in 1848 King Louis Philippe took up his residence at Claremont, then the property of the late King Leopold of Belgium, and there the Citizen King died in 1850.

LOCAL TAXATION.

MR. GOSCHEN'S report to the Treasury on taxation, just issued, shows the progressive increase of local taxation, with especial reference to the proportion of local and Imperial burdens borne by the different classes of real property in the United Kingdom, as compared with the burdens imposed upon the same classes of property in other European countries. The general result of the comparison of the burdens on real property of all kinds in England and in other countries, Mr. Goschen says, has shown that, taking houses and lands together, and Imperial and local taxation together, the position of real property in England is very slightly better than in Belgium, and very slightly worse than in France. The position of lands in England has been shown to be infinitely more favourable than in either of the two other countries; it follows that the position of houses in England as regards taxation must be very materially worse. The investigation which Mr. Goschen has undertaken appears to lead to the following general results:—

The increase in local taxation in England and Wales has been very great—less than in other countries, but, nevertheless, so considerable as to justify the especial attention which it has aroused. Speaking broadly, the increase in direct local taxes has been from £8,000,000 to £16,000,000. The greater portion of this increase—at least £6,500,000—has fallen upon urban, not upon rural, districts. Of the total increase, £2,000,000 are due to the poor rate, £5,000,000 to town improvement rates, and £1,000,000 to police and miscellaneous purposes. The increase in rateable value has, during the same period, been extraordinarily great, and has followed to a certain extent the course of the increase of local taxation, being greater in the urban and manufacturing than in the agricultural districts. Nevertheless, the increase of rates has approached more nearly to the increase in the rateable value in the four counties, Middlesex, Surrey, Lancashire, and the West Riding, taken together, than in the remaining counties of England. The statistics of separate counties, the division of the country between urban and rural unions, the analysis of various kinds of rates, the comparison of the imposts on houses in England with corresponding burdens in other countries, the mode of valuation in England as compared with that followed elsewhere, all point to the conclusion that house property in England is very heavily taxed. An historical retrospect seems to prove that, as regards the burdens on lands, they are not heavier than they have been at various periods of this century, nor as heavy as they are in most foreign countries, the increase in the special rates falling on lands, such as county and highway rates, having been insignificant as compared with the increase in urban rates. As regards the poor rate, the burden on lands in the country generally, whatever may be the case in special districts, has increased very slightly in amount, and not at all as regards the rate in the pound. The poor rate as regards towns has undoubtedly increased, and caused new burdens in many places. In those rural districts where the poor rate is now high, it has, with few exceptions, always been high, and constitutes an hereditary burden which has at all times been heavy, but which has gradually been lightened by the transfer of a portion of it to other kinds of property. The consideration of the increase in the burden of local taxation must be viewed in connection with results obtained by the expenditure incurred. Of the average increase of £8,000,000, that portion which is due to the poor rate—that is, £2,000,000—may be regarded as a lamentable increase of the burden, except so far as it represents not an increase in pauperism, but the more humane, and at the same time more costly, treatment of the helpless, the sick, and the insane. For the increase in the item of county police, amounting to upwards of £500,000, it may be said that a distinct equivalent in value is secured. As regards the increase in miscellaneous purposes, amounting to about £500,000, spent on registration, vaccination, burial boards, and on some of the objects to which the county rate is applied, the same principle would apply. A small portion only of this sum is analogous to the poor rate, which is a burden imposed on taxpayers from which they may be said themselves to derive no benefit. There remain

the £5,000,000 of urban rates, on which it has been necessary so often to dwell. This sum represents the municipal expenditure of our towns, the lighting and paving of the streets, sanitary improvements of every kind, and public works of various descriptions, from vast enterprises like the Thames Embankment, the main drainage of the metropolis, and the many important works undertaken at a large outlay by Liverpool, Manchester, and the other large growing towns of the north of England, to the smaller but innumerable operations which have been instituted by the 700 local boards established during the last ten years. A great portion of the outlay on these purposes must be regarded as remunerative in many senses, and as being not so much a burden as an investment.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Commune of Paris in one proclamation announces itself to be constituted by the vote of March 26, which sanctioned the victorious revolution; denounces the Versailles Government as criminals, organisers of a monarchical conspiracy, and inciters of civil war; and calls for the support of the people in the discharge of its duty. One decree abolishes the conscription, and orders that no armed force except the National Guard, of which all able-bodied citizens will form part, shall be introduced into Paris. Another decree directs all officials in the public offices to regard as null and void all orders emanating from the Government at Versailles on pain of dismissal; and by another decree the payment of rent from October, 1870, to April, 1871, is annulled. Orders have been given that all chaplains are to cease to celebrate mass in the prisons to which they are attached. The great necessity of the insurrectionary Government is money; and, besides the attempt they made to obtain funds from the National Life Insurance Company, they have placed the seals of the Commune upon the offices of four other great assurance offices. The Commune has appointed an executive committee, and divided its own labours into nine divisions, of Finance, War, Justice, Public Safety, Subsistence, Labour and Exchange, Foreign and Municipal Administration, and Public Services. The Commune has also issued a decree by which MM. Thiers, Jules Favre, Picard, Dufaure, Jules Simon, and Admiral Pothuan are arraigned, and their properties seized and sequestered till they appear before the tribunal of the people.

The supplementary elections to the Commune were to have taken place in Paris on Wednesday. Owing, however, to the military operations they have been indefinitely postponed.

The Commune is doing a good deal of harm in order to obtain the money of which it is so urgently in need. Its requisitions are stopping supplies from being sent into the city. Thus, the octroi duties, which ought to yield 300,000*fr.* a day, are producing just now only 80,000*fr.* Within the walls, too, the requisitions are so vexatious that people are shutting their shops and giving up business on account of them.

The Hôtel de Ville is said to present a scene of the wildest confusion. Numbers of people, holding the overdue coupons of the municipal loan of 1860, payable on March 1, 1871, wander about the long corridor, seeking information as to where and when the interest will be paid; but no information or money can be obtained.

Two of the Paris deputies—M. Lockroy and M. Floquet—have resigned their seats as members of the Versailles Assembly, and have determined to remain in the capital to defend the Republic, the existence of which, they say, is threatened.

The religious services in the Pantheon have been abolished, and a grand ceremony has been held by the National Guard to inaugurate the Pantheon exclusively as the last resting-place of "the great men of France." The arms of the crosses on the top of the dome and in front of the building have been sawn off, and the red flag now floats from three different parts of the building.

It is announced in a telegram from Versailles that the army of that place now surrounds Paris on the west and south.

M. Thiers declared in the Assembly, on Monday, that the ring-leaders of the rebellion would be dealt with severely, but that their dupes would be treated leniently. Marshal McMahon has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Versailles.

A telegram from Marseilles says that the insurgents there were attacked at the railway station on Tuesday morning and put to flight. Three who were captured were immediately shot. The regular troops had also surrounded the Prefecture, which was held by the insurgents, and fighting commenced at nine o'clock in the morning. When the despatch was sent off the struggle was still going on, and there were many dead and wounded.

Owing to the seizure of the Paris Post Office by the Commune, the service has been transferred to Versailles, and the French capital is deprived, as in the time of the siege, of all letters from the provinces and from abroad. This has given rise to so much annoyance that the insurgent Government has been compelled to take some steps in the matter. It announces that, without recognising the authority of Versailles, it is disposed, in the public interest, to accept any proposition which will permit the free working of the postal service without prejudice to principles. A deputation is said to have gone to Versailles to make a proposition to the Government on the subject.

SPAIN.

The Cortes were opened, on Monday, by the new King in person, who was received with loud cheers. In the Speech from the Throne his Majesty dwelt upon his desire to establish the most cordial relations between the Government and the representatives of the people, and said that an opportunity would be afforded for getting rid of the difficulties surrounding the management of the finances. His mission, he added, was difficult but glorious; and he hoped that, with the co-operation of the Cortes, it would be crowned with success.

GERMANY.

In Monday's sitting of the German Parliament the reply of the Emperor to the congratulatory address of the House was read. His Majesty describes the present state of France as a consequence of continued revolutions. With regard to the territory newly acquired by Germany, he says that patience and indulgence will be required in order to revive German sentiment there.

In the German Parliament, last Saturday, Prince Bismarck said that the decision of the Emperor to abstain from all interference with the internal affairs of France could only be carried out as long as the interests of Germany remained unaffected. If intervention became necessary, it would be resorted to with regret, but with the same determination which had ensured the success of the war.

It is proposed that Alsace and Lorraine should be compensated for their losses during the war, in the same manner as other parts of Germany under similar circumstances.

Orders have been issued for the demobilisation of the German marine, which is to be forthwith brought back to the peace footing of 1870. The Commanders-in-Chief in the Baltic and North Sea, appointed by Royal order of July last, will return to their former positions.

The King of Bavaria has refused the Archbishop of Bamberg the necessary permission for publishing and giving effect to the resolution of the council with regard to the dogma of Infallibility. The reasons for the refusal are given in extenso in the decree.

RUSSIA.

Prince Gortschakoff has received the title of Highness in recognition of his services to his country, and the ability he has displayed in the settlement of the Black Sea question.

SWEDEN.

The Queen-Dowager of Sweden, in consequence of the decease of the Queen, has fallen ill, and has been confined to her bed. The health of the King is improving.

THE UNITED STATES.

At the Connecticut election, held on Monday, Mr. English, the Democratic candidate, was re-elected Governor by a reduced majority.

The Republicans have elected two members of Congress, and the Democrats also two, being a Democratic gain of one.

CANADA.

The Dominion House of Commons has confirmed the result of the negotiations with British Columbia for the admission of the latter into the Dominion, including also the agreement as to the construction of a Pacific railway.

CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE.

The adherents of the Paris Commune and the soldiers of the Government at Versailles have at length come into hostile collision. An encounter took place outside Paris on Sunday morning, and a great battle was raging all day on Monday, in the same neighbourhood, which ended in the complete defeat of the insurgent forces. To appreciate the results of this second conflict it is necessary to return to the first. The encounter of Sunday was merely an accidental skirmish, but it arose between two armies which sought each other in the expectation of a collision. The insurgents, urged by the Commune, whose position was becoming untenable, and allured also by intelligence that the Versailles troops desired to fraternise, had massed large forces in the Bois de Boulogne, and marched out, crossing the Seine at Neuilly, and occupied Courbevoie and Puteaux, intending to throw themselves between St. Germain and Versailles, where they would fall in with those troops of the Line who had shown the warmest sympathy for the popular cause. On the other hand, the Versailles Government, aware of their movements, and knowing on what forces it could best rely, had sent forward a division, chiefly consisting of Gendarmes, Marines, Forest Guards, and Police, and directed them to advance in two columns, by Rueil and St. Cloud, upon Courbevoie. The stanchness of this advanced guard was first tested on Friday week, when, being met by the Paris National Guards with reversed rifles and shouts for the Commune, they answered by a volley of musketry, not without fatal effect. Notwithstanding this first rebuke, and the ill-blood it aroused among the insurgents, the same experiment of raising in the air the butt-ends of their rifles was again tried on Sunday; but the Versailles troops went to work in earnest, and, as they happened to be four to one and the insurgents had no cannon, they drove them in wild flight over the Neuilly Bridge, along that broad avenue beyond the city gate, and almost as far as the Arc de l'Etoile.

Up to a late hour in the evening of Sunday the Versailles troops had not crossed the river in pursuit, though all resistance at the bridge was overcome. They had, we are told, strict orders on no account to take the offensive. Although M. Thiers himself seemed to feel no misgivings as to the result of any conflict with the insurgents, there were less sanguine men about him who did not think sufficient trust could be put in the main body of the Regular Army to make a street fight within the capital desirable. This was, however, previous to the combat of Sunday. The result of that encounter could not fail to breathe a new spirit into those troops, and, with the gregarious instinct common to all soldiers, even the disaffected and wavering could be easily relied upon to follow where the best men led. The insurgents, on their side—though, engaging against overwhelming odds and with unequal weapons, they had to fall back in complete disorder—stood their ground at the barricade before the bridge for a long time, "keeping up a very hot fusillade." The feeling awakened in the city by their defeat was at first rather of surprise and irritation than alarm, especially as some of the insurgent prisoners were reported to have been shot in cold blood. Before evening had closed in, large masses of National Guards thronged the wide outlet which had been the scene of the disaster of the morning, and, although the usual cry of "Treason" was raised, and many of the recreants protested that "they would never fight against their own countrymen," forgetting that they had no less carefully shunned all encounters with the foreign invader, the impression prevailing among the mass was that a conflict would ensue either on that very evening or on the morrow, and that it behoved the Paris Commune to be ready for any emergency.

In such a mood were the combatants on each side at nightfall on Sunday. Throughout the night and at break of day the insurgents assembled to the number, we are told, of 100,000, and marching in three columns from Clichy and Neuilly, Point du Jour, and Châtillon, they advanced upon Versailles. Their right suffered severely in passing the formidable fortress of Mont Valérien, and was at once broken up and dispersed; but on the south-east, the centre and left of the insurgents, backed by the fire of their own artillery on Fort Issy, were said to have gained ground upon the enemy in the direction of Meudon, where General Bergeret was, at ten o'clock a.m., asking for reinforcements. A force of 30,000 men with artillery was sent out to his support, under Gustave Flourens; but their joint efforts were thwarted by the steady behaviour of the Government troops, and the insurgents had on this side also to fall back at all points and to seek safety within the walls of Paris, where the disorder of their appearance spread general consternation. According to the statement of fugitives from Paris who arrived in Brussels on Tuesday, 5000 wounded in the engagements of Sunday and Monday had been taken to the ambulances. This is probably a great exaggeration.

On Tuesday morning, at half-past five o'clock, the troops encamped in the positions about Meudon attacked the insurgent position on the height of Châtillon and carried the redoubt there at the point of the bayonet. It was armed with mitrailleuses. Several hundred prisoners were made by the troops, including General Henry, who has been taken to Versailles. General Duval was shot inside the redoubt. Afterwards the insurgents renewed the combat from behind walls at the rear of the redoubt, but by half-past eight o'clock they were driven out and retired in disorder. General Pelle retained his positions. The prisoners were taken into Versailles and marched to prison. They were preceded by mounted chasseurs and gendarmes, and escorted by a strong body of infantry. The people rushed in crowds to see them, and seemed much delighted at the success of the movement.

M. Thiers, in a despatch to the Prefects, says that the attitude of the troops, upon whose defection the insurgents counted as their only hope, went beyond all praise, the men being full of enthusiasm. Another Versailles despatch says the insurgents were completely routed on both points of attack with heavy loss, Gustave Flourens being among the killed. The *Journal Officiel* of the Commune, on the other hand, says the forces of the Commune have taken a vigorous offensive, and repulsed the enemy along the whole line; the enemy was thrown back upon the heights of Meudon, and a reconnaissance was made as far as Bougival.

M. Picard, Minister of the Interior, on Wednesday issued the following circular to the Prefects of the departments:—"The insurgents have received a decisive check to-day. Our troops took the redoubt of Châtillon. Two thousand prisoners were brought into Versailles. Gustave Flourens and Duval perished. Henry is a prisoner. There is no fighting inside Paris, but great consternation prevails there. The Commune have issued a manifesto to their followers. Assi is imprisoned by his own people. Twenty-two members of the Commune have resigned. A prompt and happy issue is expected."

A despatch from Versailles, of Tuesday's date, says:—"The final stroke has been given to the Communist army. That portion of it which did not retreat into Paris on Monday, and which could not retreat, being cut off and surrounded, and again attacked to-day between Châtillon and Meudon, and made but a faint resistance, was soon overpowered. Many of the Communists

were taken prisoners, and all their artillery was captured. The troops of General Vinoy, it is said, will enter Paris on Thursday. Great consternation is reported to reign in Paris among the Central Committee and the Commune, and some of the members are said to have disappeared."

Measures have been taken to enable 200,000 Prussians to be concentrated in Paris at twenty-four hours' notice, should such a step become necessary. The cavalry corps stationed on the Seine have received orders to protect Versailles if called upon.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

BY OUR OWN ENUMERATOR.

WHEN I asked the Registrar of our district to make me an enumerator for delivering and collecting the Census-papers, I fancied that it only meant a day's walking about. Shortly after I had received the appointment and undertaken to do the work, it seemed as if I had made a terrible miscalculation as to what would be required of me; and now that the job is nearly over and my papers are nearly all gathered in, it seems as if the labour had been much easier than I had expected. A great deal had been done to make people understand the Census papers. My district includes a downright poor neighbourhood, with many Irish, and several cheap lodging-houses. I wish it had nothing else within its limits. For the Irish, being mostly Roman Catholics, filled up their Census papers as a matter of religious duty, and to oblige their priests. Archbishop Manning has taken a great interest in the Census. He understands all about it, and what it is for, so he wrote a circular, which he had printed, with instructions to all his clergy to read it out before mass on Palm Sunday. The effect of this was, that when I went round on Monday morning, there was not a court or an alley with Catholics in it which was not ready. Archbishop Manning's instructions were very precise, and there was not a Roman Catholic priest who officiated on Sunday who did not explain to his flock that the Census is of great importance to the good of the people; that it has nothing to do with anyone's rates and taxes; that no one has anything to fear from it; and that the particulars given would never be made use of to any person's disadvantage or to gratify idle curiosity. I'm told that in a great majority of the Protestant pulpits throughout the country similar announcements were made; and I know for a fact that the "Parochial Mission Women," the Scriptural Readers' Society, and similar organisations, have exerted themselves to the utmost to facilitate the prompt and accurate filling up of the returns. Many of the people I've been to seemed to enjoy the importance of filling in a return. It was a novelty to some of them to find anyone cared whether they were married or single, or where they were born, or what they did. Assured that the Government—including "beaks," "peelers," parish officers, and other natural enemies—meant them no harm, they jumped with fatal facility to the opposite conclusion, and assumed that the authorities were about to interfere actively for their good. The Census paper was a talisman which, if the proper words were inserted in the proper place and at the proper time, would bring good luck. I saw what was passing in many a simple mind, and I felt like an impostor when I took some papers back, and heard of the hopes they had roused. I could not ask for evidence, of course. In my parochial capacity if a man comes to me and says he is married, I reply naturally, "Are you quite sure?" Other inquiries follow, and one can generally get at the truth. But one is obliged to take these Census returns exactly as they are given in, and this makes the exertions of clergymen and charitable organisations which work among and know the poor of the greatest value. They have made it seem a point of honour to the people themselves to make their returns correctly, and I don't know that one can lay too much stress upon the useful effect of their influence, when it's exerted as it has been. The names and particulars of the men and women who slept in a threepenny lodging-house, with 120 beds in it, might, you would suppose, be difficult to get at, but it was not so. There was less trouble there, and, speaking personally, a better result than at any of the grand mansions I have called at in my beat.

It was the variety of documents I received from our Registrar which frightened me, and made me think I had made a mistake in promising to perform so many duties for the insignificant sum of £1 1s. There was first an Instruction and Memorandum Book, together with a description of my district. Then came Householder's Schedules, and Schedules for vessels—a canal with a large barge traffic runs through where I enumerate—together with an Enumeration Book with a blue cover, into which I have to abstract the whole of the particulars gathered from each house, and to summarise this abstract until the whole is given in four or five lines. Then I have to send in to my Registrar my Schedules, Enumeration Books, Instruction and Memorandum Books, and my claims for allowances, before April 10. The registrars in their turn will summarise the abstracts of all the enumerators in their several districts, and send in their grand abstracts to the Census Office before April 24. This is tolerably smart work, and it will enable the Registrar-General to present his unreviewed return of the whole of the figures taken to Parliament before the end of May. To make it quite clear what "unreviewed" may be taken to mean, I may mention that after the unreviewed return of twenty-two millions was made in 1851, it was not found to be more than five thousand out when compared with the corrected figures. There were thirty-two thousand enumerators employed, as I was, throughout Monday, and as there are seven columns in every Census paper, and something like twenty-three millions of people to register, it follows that about one hundred and fifty millions of facts will be collected and arranged in about a couple of months.

It seems almost silly, in the face of such a tremendously significant fact as this, to talk of one's personal experience and impressions; but it may interest some readers to know that it has seemed to me as if an active participation in taking the Census would do a great many people good, besides men like myself, to whom the guinea is an object. It is the weaknesses and foibles of the classes above the very poor—those who are too conceited to allow themselves to be helped, and too ignorant to act for themselves, which have made me think that legislators, moralists, and preachers might go the Census rounds with advantage. I was so struck with the tidy, well-written return given me by a poor bricklayer's shodman that I couldn't help asking him whether he had filled it up himself. "I giv' a man in our court who is a good scholar a pinny, sur, to do it for me!" was the reply; and during the day I discovered this to be a common practice. My official instructions were to render every assistance I could—even to filling in the return to dictation when the people were not able to write; but this has been rarely necessary. Ready penmen have come to the front with the occasion, and a brisk trade has been done in filling returns at a penny each, the public scribe finding his own ink and pens. It is the ladies—God bless them! of course—and the would-be gentilities who have bothered me most, and who have seemed most obstructive. Take cooks, for example. I don't know whether there is anything in the practice of roasting and boiling which inclines people to mendacity; but in the course of my rounds the cooks have been more perverse than any of their fellows. They all made themselves so absurdly young; and, in the very few instances in which I hesitated a doubt as to whether a palpable forty-year-old was justified in describing herself as twenty-seven, the barefaced way in which the effect of a kitchen-fire on the complexion and the consequent "ageing" of the appearance were put forward was absolutely satggering. I met other odd people, whose peculiarities were, as I thought, remarkable. There was the old lady who would tell me stories of the sad cases of destitution she had known of, which had arisen from the head of a family signing his name incautiously at the request of some one else. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her that a Census paper is not a bill of exchange, and that she would not be liable to pecuniary loss. There was the pragmatical little man, too, who lodged over the butcher's

shop, and who insisted on describing himself as "gentleman" in spite of that vague phrase having been expressly forbidden in the printed directions. He was a retired haberdasher, and he did not like to say so; while the shopmen who would call themselves "assistants;" the people who boggled over trifles, and who could not be made to understand either the responsibility of a written statement or the value of my time—all these belonged to the half-educated classes. The two extremes of society performed their part towards the Census Office cheerfully and satisfactorily; and the shortcomings (which have, after all, been very inconsiderable) all arose among those who were uncertain as to their social position, and feared writing themselves down in the world. As a means of seeing household interiors, and of becoming personally acquainted with a thousand and one particulars of the inner life of the members of the community in which you live, there is, believe me, nothing to approach the act of going the Census rounds. Let me add that if I or any other enumerator have overlooked any householders or occupiers in our several divisions, they have but to apply to the Registrar of the district to receive the necessary form. With this assurance, I return to the voluminous figures and the Blue Abstract-book for which the Registrar-General and the British Parliament are waiting.—*Daily News*.

THE RUINS OF ST. CLOUD.

AMONGST the calamities which have been caused by the German investment of Paris, the destruction of St. Cloud cannot be regarded as the least. Perhaps it is all the more bitter because it was the rash and mistaken act of the French artillerymen, who threw their shells into the beautiful palace in the vain expectation that they would thereby have a chance of punishing the enemy, or perhaps even of blowing up a Royal Cabinet Council, with the King, Moltke, and Bismarck all assembled, so that France might be avenged at a single blow.

Very early in the siege the beautiful château fell a prey to the flames and the crashing bombs; and now only its mere outer semblance, the apparition of its former self, is left for visitors to gaze upon. Sunlight or moonlight shines through its dismantled walls and frameless windows. It is amazing that so much of its mere husk is left when the kernel has been so ruthlessly destroyed. The shells seem to have dropped plump into the interior of the building, and there to have wrought their depredations, hidden by the walls. The Germans endeavoured to preserve it, but the attempt was only partially successful. Outside, the terraces, the circular basin, the porticos, the pillars, even some of the ornamental trees and statues, appear to have escaped, but the château itself is but a monumental ruin—a memorial of the invasion of France in 1870.

When Clodoald, from whom the place is named, fled from his uncle Clotaire, who designed to murder him, as he had already murdered his brothers, it was in this pleasant country side that he established his hermitage. Not much like a hermitage was the château which afterwards stood here—the château of Horvay, the Controller of Finance, of whom his master Louis XIV. bought the place in 1660, in order to rebuild and embellish it as a residence for the Duc d'Orleans. A right Royal residence, too, with its grand galleries of Diana and Apollo, its splendid saloon, and its sumptuous chambers! What has become of the wonderful works of art—the pictures by Rubens, Lesueur, Mignard, and other great painters; the sculptures of Coustou and Coysevox? Where is the room where the first Emperor liked to look out upon the park; where the boudoir in which our own Queen sat during her residence there in 1855; where the study to which Napoleon III. retired to work and smoke late into the night in the days when he could say "Execute my orders"? Beautiful as the house was, with its great front approached by two courts, before the first of which was a fine terrace, it was the park that was the great attraction. The house, situated on the slope of the hill, commanded its best views. The laying out of the park was the work of the celebrated Lenôtre. It must be sadly changed. War has superseded Lenôtre, and nature will again have to supersede war before the Park of St. Cloud is healed of its dreadful scars.

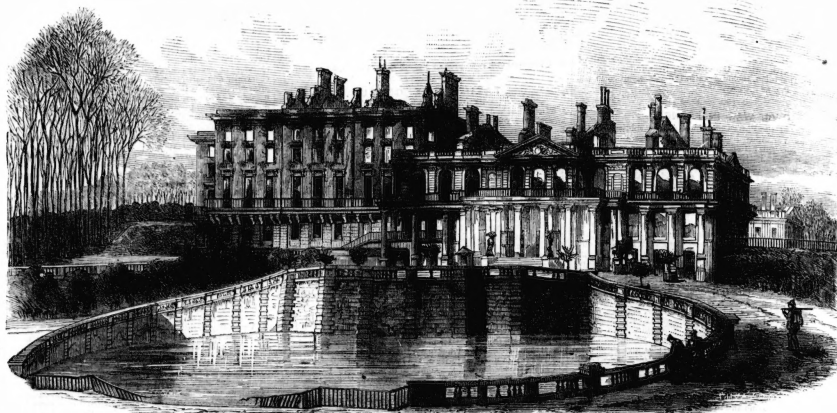
But palaces can be rebuilt, and there is no lack of Imperial dwellings still standing in France. Go down towards the town; the sight is even more terrible. The Prussians fired St. Cloud after the last sortie to prevent its harbouring the French from Valérien again, and the pretty haunt of pleasure-seekers is rootless and desolate. This sight alone is worth a journey of 1000 miles. You will see some houses standing alone, the one on each side having fallen down, others laid bare by the destruction of one wall. Here an angle stands up still, seeming as if a slight breeze would cause its fall, yet supporting a tottering chimney. Sometimes you will wonder, for a wooden floor remains intact though much of the house is gone. Now and then a single low house is almost untouched, showing signs that the fire set to it went out without doing more harm than scorching it a little. One side street is completely choked up with ruins, and it is most pitiful to see pale mothers leading white-faced, hungry-looking children over the encumbering heaps of ruins, searching for their old home, and only recognising it, perhaps, by the piece of furniture standing on one corner of an unfallen piece of floor, or the cups remaining on the shelves of a cupboard whence the door has been burnt—high up above there, out of reach for ever. Towering over all is the church spire, neither touched by flame nor broken by shells. It would not burn, and stands over the chaotic heaps of rubbish below, as if to remind us that there is a God who looks down from on high upon the foolish wrath of sinful man.

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

As our readers know, the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences at South Kensington was opened by the Queen on Wednesday, March 29, in presence of an immense assembly, and with all the ceremonial becoming so important an occasion. We need not recapitulate the details of that ceremonial; but some information regarding the hall itself will be interesting.

The general appearance of the hall without is that of an immense circular building, in the modern Italian style, of red brick, with yellow dressings, an abundance of long, narrow clerestory windows, a wide band of decorations above them, a high gallery running round the entire exterior, and an elegant glass dome crowning the whole. The most interesting feature of the exterior is no doubt the frieze—the band to which we have referred. It is formed of designs by Armistead, Armitage, Horsley, Marks, Pickersgill, Poynter, and Yeames; the subjects being allegorical, and fanciful representations of the great peoples of the globe, and the triumphs of human prowess and skill. Appropriate passages from Holy Writ are inscribed; also statements as to the origin, beginning, and finishing of the structure. The frieze is executed in tesserae of terra-cotta, by Minton, Hollins, and Co., through the female students of the schools of art; and while the mosaic is simple in outline and colour, it is strikingly effective. The aim was to imitate the best period of Italian terra-cotta, and employ the material rather as beick than as an imitation of stone.

The interior of the hall is apportioned into the arena, accommodating 1000 persons; the amphitheatre, accommodating 1400; two tiers of boxes—forty-three in one, eighty-six in the other—accommodating 1100; balcony, accommodating 2500; and gallery, accommodating 2000; so that, exclusive of singers and musicians (for whose use there are about 2000 orchestra seats), the Royal Albert Hall will seat 8000 persons. The main entrance is through a handsome portico opening on the Kensington-road; but there are other main entrances (one from the Horticultural Gardens), and at least two dozen doors of egress and ingress. The boxes, which are mostly sold, are being fitted up according to the tastes of their individual owners; and the few that are completed have all the beauty and luxury of a drawing-room. The Queen has the largest box on the grand tier. The Prince of Wales's



THE RUINS OF ST. CLOUD: THE CHATEAU, FROM THE PARK.

box is also on the grand tier; and the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cambridge are joint proprietors of the box adjoining on one side, while the Duke of Sutherland owns that on the other. It was thought at first that so many boxes would never be disposed of; many considering that £1000 for a box for ten persons on the grand tier, and £500 for a box for five on the second tier were too high prices, although the proprietorship was to extend over 99 years. Not only, however, were the boxes in demand, but thirty-two additional have been added. Although the fittings of the interiors are matters concerning the owners alone, all the outer curtains are to be crimson, then which nothing could better harmonise with the buff and French grey of the woodwork and the brass fittings. The balcony is an open tier of single seats, and immediately behind it is the gallery. Thirty rows, with piers and cups of composite design, and eagles columns, are an effective termination, lightened and softened by the glass dome. The seats of each division of the house terminate about fifty feet from the orchestra, and the end—if end there can be in an oval—is the organ. This faces the Kensington

entrance, and is close to the entrance to the gardens. The intervening space is the widest distance in the hall—namely, 200 ft.; the shorter length being 180 ft., and the height from arena to dome 140 ft. The organ, of ninety stops and fourteen compass, built by Mr. Willis, is intended and acknowledged to be the finest in the world. It has a fine front, in keeping with the architecture of the building.

Space would fail us to describe in detail the elaborate internal arrangements—the corridors in which, but for continual directions on the walls and doorposts, a wayfarer would be lost; the crush-rooms over the porticoes; the retiring-rooms for royalty and for the public; the staircases for the agile, and the lifts for the indolent and weary; the refreshment and promenade rooms; the lecture theatre and concert-room in the wing buildings for the furtherance of science and art; the steam-engine which blow the bellows of the monster organ; feed the water-pipes, and set in motion the ventilating-fans that heat, cool, or exhaust the air in the shortest space of time; the revolving chairs in the amphitheatre, or the movable cushioned seats of the balcony,

or the wonderful system of electricity by which Mr. Laid will light the 4210 gas jets in ten seconds—a feat the like of which has never, we believe, been attempted before. These appliances, perfect of their kind, we can but enumerate. The gallery before mentioned is to be known as the Picture Gallery; but for the present it will, in common with some of the larger rooms, be used for the purposes of the International Exhibition. The question which must arise in the mind of every visitor who gazes for the first time upon the Royal Albert Hall is, "What will they do with it?" The first answer, perhaps, should be an assurance that the concern will pay. Of this there is no doubt, even now. Afterwards it may be replied that the hall is available for congresses to promote the interests of science and art, for musical performances, for the meetings and convocations of learned bodies, for agricultural and horticultural, and national and international exhibitions. For these purposes the hall is not only available, but adapted; and the arena we shall expect to find the popular place of promenade, flower shows, and military bands for the West-End.



THE GERMAN FIELD-POST: COLLECTING THE LETTERS.—(SEE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES," APRIL 1, PAGE 196.)

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, SOUTH KENSINGTON: THE OPENING DAY.

APRIL 8, 1871



THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, SOUTH KENSINGTON: THE OPENING DAY.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 397.

PROPOSED VOTE OF CENSURE.

ON Thursdays "Orders of the day take precedence of notices of motion," but on Thursday, the 30th of March, Mr. Gladstone, at half-past five o'clock, moved "That the orders of the day be postponed till after the notice of motion relative to the Conference of London." This notice of motion was placed upon the paper by Sir Charles Dilke to move—That this House regrets that her Majesty's Government accepted a proposition for the assembling of a Conference under the circumstances disclosed in the papers relating to Prince Gortschakoff's Circular Note, which have been laid before Parliament." As this motion in effect asked the House to pass a vote of want of confidence in her Majesty's Government, Mr. Gladstone, when he saw it, promised, as the custom is in such cases, that he would as early as possible give Sir Charles a clear night for the discussion of the motion. And now the night is come. But there is no excitement, no anxious crowds of strangers besetting the doors, no extraordinary muster of members. How is this? On June 7, 1859, when Lord Hartington moved a vote of want of confidence in the Derby Government, the scene in and about the House was very different. There was then an excited mob in Westminster Hall, the lobbies and corridors were crowded with strangers; and when Lord Hartington rose there was not a vacant seat in the House. Why this difference? Well, in 1859 the mover of the vote "meant business." He intended to oust the Government, and hoped to succeed. Sir Charles Dilke, on this occasion, had no such hope or intention. When he placed his notice upon the paper, he probably had no thought that the Prime Minister would take it as a challenge. The hon. Baronet, we imagine, wished to express his opinions upon the Conference business, and to have it discussed—nothing more.

SIR CHARLES DILKE.

And now, who is Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke? Debreff and Burke shall tell us. Sir Charles is the eldest son of the late Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, sometime member for Wallingford. In 1869 he suddenly died, whilst he was travelling in Russia; and was succeeded by his son. The present Sir Charles was born on Sept. 4, 1843, and is therefore in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He graduated LL.B. in 1866; and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in the same year. In 1866-7 he travelled far and wide—in America, Australia, India—"following," as he phrased it, "England round the world." In 1869 he published an exceedingly interesting record of his travel, in two handsome octavo volumes, intitled "Greater Britain," which we have read, mean to read more leisurely again, and recommend all our readers to get and read. In 1868 he stood for Chelsea, as a Radical, in favour of "non-intervention in foreign politics," and beat Dr. Russell, the notable *Times* correspondent, by 734 to 417 votes. Sir Charles is proprietor of the *Athenaeum*, as his father and his grandfather were before him. They, however, were part proprietors. Sir Charles is sole proprietor, and part proprietor of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, another flourishing and profitable weekly paper. Such is a concise history of the member for Chelsea; and surely we may gather from it that he is a cultured, accomplished man, of great abilities and indomitable energy. Mr. Bernal Osborne, with characteristic bad taste, in a most chaffing speech, delivered at the close of the debate, flung a sneer at Sir Charles's baronetcy. Seemingly by accident, he called Sir Charles "the honourable gentleman," in order that he might add, with a sneer, "Baronet—I beg pardon!" A word or two, then, about this baronetcy. The late Sir Charles was one of the earliest promoters of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and acted as a leading member of the executive committee. When rewards were conferred, he was offered the honour of knighthood, which he refused. He also refused pecuniary reward. As vice-president of the Horticultural Association of London he rendered valuable services in the way of resuscitating that noble institution. He was also one of the five Royal Commissioners of the second great Exhibition of 1862, and in January of that year her Majesty conferred upon him a baronetcy. And, surely, the distinction was honourably won.

HIS SPEECH.

At half-past five Sir Charles, who was sitting in his accustomed place on the front seat below the gangway, rose. The House was at the time not crowded. Most of the seats below were occupied; but the galleries were empty. He had flung down the gauntlet, the Prime Minister had taken it up, and now the battle was to be fought. It was, to say the least, a bold position for so young a man to take; and if when he stood there with all eyes centred upon him he had shown nervousness and trepidation, no one would have been surprised; but nothing of the sort was discernible. He seemed to be calm and self-possessed, and to enter action with the coolness of a veteran of the Old Guard. This is remarkable and not common; but those who have read "Greater Britain" must have discovered that what we call nervousness is a thing not known to Sir Charles. Then the speech which he had to deliver, as we soon could see, was all before him, mapped upon his mind, not in mere outline, but with most of the details filled in. Had the speech been all written out and committed to memory? We cannot tell. But the ease, the unflinching step with which he threaded his way through the intricate maze of dates and quotations, and something in his manner, gave us the notion that Sir Charles was speaking from memory. But what if he were? Is that anything to his discredit? On the contrary, it is, in the case of such a speech as this, if you have a memory equal to the task, the right thing to do. There is a foolish prejudice against speeches delivered from memory. But the reporters would tell you that many of the best speeches that they have heard were written out and sent up to the gallery before they were delivered. Indeed, we ourselves have seen not a few speeches before they were delivered, and more than one which the authors never could get delivered, and which still remain, and will probably ever remain, unspoken speeches. Sir Charles's speech was just the sort of speech to be committed to memory. It was a solid, argumentative speech—a chain of reasoning from beginning to end. But was it effective? Well, effective in the sense of producing effect, we doubt whether it was. It was not the sort of speech likely to be effective in the House of Commons. It was too closely and, we may add, too subtly argumentative. The House of Commons is a cultured assembly, we are often told; and, no doubt, so it is. But many, if not most, of the members are men of only average intellects—children of a larger growth, and have not the power, or, it may be, from mere indolence of mind, have not the inclination to give close attention to, and follow through all its logical windings, such a speech as this. We doubt whether twenty of those who were present could, at the close of it, have given a good précis or summary of its contents. A House of Commons speech ought to be broad in its outlines, and not cumbered with minute details, nor perplexed by subtle refinements. Disraeli, when he wanders into subtle refinements, loses his hold on the attention; so does Gladstone, as we often have to perceive. Nor will the House travel with a speaker through intricate or even lengthened concatenations. With the politics of Sir Charles's speech we have nothing to do here; but we may say, that the general impression was that he was too late, that the thing was irrevocably done, and that all speechifying about it was, as Bernal Osborne put it, like flogging a dead horse. And, besides this, it soon became clear to the House that the stress of Sir Charles's argument was not against the thing done, but against the manner of doing it, about which the bulk of the House knew and cared but little. And so it came to pass that, able as the speech was, it was not effective nor impressive.

SIR ROBERT PEEL HIMSELF AGAIN.

We have this week devoted two thirds of our available space to Sir Charles Dilke and his speech. Is that not too much? We think not; for the occasion was remarkable. Proposals of want

of confidence in a Government are not common. It is twelve years since the last occurred. The speech was not a common speech. The speaker is not a common man. But, having said so much about the inaugural speech, of those which followed we will say but little. Nothing, indeed, except a few words upon that which was delivered by Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert has during the existence of the Gladstone Government not been so loyal to his party as could be wished. More than once he has attacked the Government on the flank, sharply, and sometimes with bitterness, and has generally taken to eccentric, erratic courses, starting off at a tangent on the road to nowhere, and, as Carlyle says of one of his historic characters, eagerly bent on arriving there. When, then, he rose that Thursday night in his old place, with his old ally, Mr. Bernal Osborne, by his side, we expected that again, *suo more*, he was about to have a fling at the Government. Very soon, though, we had pleasantly to discover that he had, on the contrary, come down fully armed to defend the Ministerial policy; and this he did in a speech the equal of which for heartiness, logical coherence, sound reasoning—not very common qualities in Sir Robert's speeches—and true humanity (which is very characteristic of the right hon. Baronet), we never heard from Sir Robert before. And it was effective. As a defence of the Government it was unanswerable, and at times it touched the heart of the House—a very difficult thing this to do, for a very hard, worldly, unsympathetic assembly is the House of Commons. During the twenty years we have known it, we have only once seen it stirred to its depths. The enchanter who achieved this wonder, or, as we might say, worked this miracle, was Mr. John Bright. It was during the Crimean War, on Feb. 23, 1855. Hopes of peace dawned on the horizon, and, by a speech which Mr. Bright then delivered he moved all hearts as the trees of the forest are moved by the wind. Tears glistened in many an eye, and when the peroration ended, deep sighs, not cheering, proclaimed the orator's power.

MR. OTWAY.

At twenty minutes past eleven Mr. Otway rose and moved the adjournment of the debate. Mr. Otway was, in 1868, appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; but at the end of last year, because he did not approve of the Government policy in the matter under discussion on Thursday, he suddenly resigned his office. He, then, of all men, ought to have an opportunity of speaking upon this subject. But why does he not now speak? The hour is not late: the House is waiting to listen to him. Yes; but he was not well, poor man!—felt himself, as he said, quite incapable of addressing the House then. But he might be better next night. True, but the hard world will not wait for Mr. Otway. Tomorrow is not available. The Government want money, and must have it. On Monday there is the Ballot Bill, the Licensing Bill, and a local taxation bill to be dealt with, all of which must be moved on a stage before the adjournment for the Easter holidays, which is fixed for Tuesday. In such case Mr. Otway could do no other than give way. Long ago, no doubt, he had prepared his speech, and ever since the Session began he had watched for an opportunity to deliver it; and now the opportunity is come and he is incapable of using it, and must take his speech home with the sad consciousness that such an opportunity, or even any opportunity, may never occur again. But let him be comforted by this reflection. In February he thought that it was absolutely necessary that he should give to the world his reasons why he threw up office. But on Thursday night did the necessity seem so absolute? We doubt it; and, further, we venture to predicate that in a few weeks more Mr. Otway will care very little about the matter; and as to the world, which really at the time was curious to know exactly why Mr. Otway left the Foreign Office, it will have all but forgotten that he ever was there.

COLLAPSE.

But though Mr. Otway cannot speak, there are many who can, and who anxiously desire to speak. Seventeen men, we were told an hour before, had speeches to fire off; and so, doubtless, we seemed in for a late night. But Mr. Speaker is up; and, by George! he is putting the question. Why, what can this mean? Where are those seventeen, with their speeches? Are they paralysed—that they sit there silent whilst Mr. Speaker is on his legs? How this was we couldn't imagine; nor have we penetrated the mystery since. At half-past eleven Mr. Speaker put the question; and, though there was some little talk afterwards, Sir Charles Dilke rose to withdraw his motion. Mr. Gladstone declined to allow the hon. Baronet to do this. "No; we must not have it withdrawn. You have moved that we deserve censure, and the House must decide whether we do or not;" and so, after a short, chaffing speech from Mr. Bernal Osborne, and some more talk, the Speaker again put the question. "The question is," said the Speaker, "That this House regrets that her Majesty's Government accepted a proposition for the assembling of a Conference under the circumstances disclosed in the papers relating to Prince Gortschakoff's Circular Note, which have been laid before Parliament; That that are for it say 'Aye'; and not a single 'Aye' was heard; 'That that are against it say 'No';" and thereupon from the Liberal benches came a storm of "Noes;" and thus this vote of censure was rejected *nem. con.*

REJECTION OF BILLS BY THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—On Tuesday evening Mr. Thomas Chambers, M.P., Common Serjeant of the City of London, presided over a crowded meeting, at St. James's Hall, at which resolutions were carried protesting against the unconstitutional action of the Peers in rejecting measures repeatedly passed by the representatives of the people in the House of Commons, and demanding the removal of the Peers from the House of Lords. The meeting was called with especial reference to the course taken by the Lords on the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, and the tone of the speeches was of a very earnest and decided character.

THE TELEGRAPHS.—Although the sum which has been paid into the Exchequer on account of telegraphs has not reached the amount of the estimate, the amount actually earned during the past financial year falls, we are informed, very little short of the estimate. The number of public messages forwarded from postal telegraph stations during the year just expired must have been, if the number for the present week be 200,000—i.e., 12,000 less than the number for last week—no less than 10,002,884, and these at £58 7s. 3d. per 1000, the ascertained produce must have yielded £588,798. To this must be added the produce of press messages and the rents of private wires, which are stated to amount to £65,000 per annum; so that the total revenue must have amounted to £648,798.

DISESTABLISHMENT.—The supporters of the Liberation Society have been holding a series of meetings during the last week in various parts of the country in support of Mr. Miall's motion. The reports in the local journals represent the meetings to have been, for the most part, large and enthusiastic. Amongst those we can particularise are Bristol, Plymouth, Devonport, Torquay, Exeter, Launceston, and Nottingham. At Bristol, Mr. J. D. Lewis, M.P., spoke in support of a resolution in favour of Mr. Miall's motion, and stated that he intended to second it. Mr. Lewis is a Churchman, and believes that this is the best thing he can do for his Church. At Plymouth, Devonport, and Torquay there was some discussion, but the resolutions proposed were passed with not half a dozen dissentients. Besides these there have been meetings at Rotherham, Ashton-under-Lyne, Scarborough, and other places.

THE PURCHASE JUDGMENT.—The second petition of the Rev. Mr. Purchas to her Majesty in Council for a rehearing of the case "Hobbert v. Purchas" has been forwarded to the Home Secretary. The document sets forth that he was unable to appear in the cause for the want of pecuniary means, and prays, from the importance of the questions involved, that there may be a further hearing. The petition was transmitted to her Majesty, and was referred to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Their Lordships have considered the matter, and have appointed the 26th inst. to hear the application. The question is simply whether there is to be a delivery on the grounds detailed in the petition. Much importance is attached to the recent decision as to the use of certain vestments in the communion service, and also as to the position of the officiating minister at the altar during the consecration of the holy elements. It is erroneous to suppose that the appeal raises any question as to the use of the black gown during preaching. The Solicitor-General and Mr. C. Bowen will appear for Mr. Purchas; Mr. A. J. Stephens, Q.C., and Mr. Archibald for the Church Association, in opposition. The Judicial Committee will probably consist of the same members as on the occasion when the former petition collapsed:—The Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of London, Lord Chelmsford, Lord Westbury, Lord Cairns, and Sir J. Colville.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord Dalling and Balwair took his seat. The Lord Chancellor laid on the table a bill to disqualify peers from sitting in the House on being adjudicated bankrupts. Several measures were advanced a stage, including the Public Parks (Land) Bill, which was passed through Committee. At 10 the House adjourned for the Easter holidays until Thursday, the 20th inst.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. CARDWELL announced that he intends asking the House to go into Committee on the Army Estimates on the 17th inst., and on the Army Regulation Bill on the 24th.

On the order for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. B. Cochrane moved a resolution relating to the conditions of peace imposed by Germany on France, and expressive of the hope that her Majesty's Government would, in the interest of the future tranquillity of Europe, use their good offices, before the negotiations are finally closed, to obtain from the Imperial Government some mitigation of the severity of those conditions. It elicited a reply from the Prime Minister, which was accepted as a satisfactory answer. Mr. Cochrane at once withdrew his motion. The only other question discussed prior to going into Committee was the recent *cause célèbre* of the acquittal of Martha Torrey at the Central Criminal Court, on the plea that she was presumed to have acted under the compulsion of her husband. That subject dropped, the House went into Committee on the Civil Service Estimates, and agreed to vote "on account." In the course of the proceedings the growing practice of taking votes in this way was severely censured by Mr. G. Bentinck and Mr. A. Cross.

MONDAY, APRIL 3.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE BALLOT BILL.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER formally moved the second reading of the Electoral (Parliamentary and Municipal) Bill—the measure for the introduction of secret voting. Some discussion followed, but in the end the second reading was agreed to, with only a few expressions of dissent, and the bill was ordered to be committed pro forma on Tuesday, for the introduction of certain amendments proposed by Mr. Forster.

THE LICENSING ACTS.

When the House went into Committee upon Excisable Liquors, Mr. BRUCE rose to ask leave to introduce his long-promised Licensing Bill. At the outset of his statement, which occupied nearly two hours, the right hon. gentleman declared, amid many expressions of assent, that the existing state of the liquor trade is a blot upon our social system and a disgrace to civilisation; and this blot and disgrace it was the object of his bill to remove as far as it can be done by legislation. As to the sale of beer or spirits off the premises, the right hon. gentleman did not propose to make any material alteration of the law as it exists at present; and the provisions of the bill which he asked leave to bring in dealt almost entirely with the licenses to sell liquor to be consumed "on the premises." He admitted that the present system of granting licenses by the magistrates is, in towns at least, surrounded by difficulties and complications, and is full of faults, anomalies, and irrationalities; but he could not see his way to committing the power of granting or refusing licenses to any other authority, or to the institution of free trade. On the whole, therefore, he had resolved to continue to the licensing justices the power which they at present possess, but to enable them to divide the area over which they have control into districts for licensing purposes. At the same time, he proposed to provide that, before granting any licenses, the magistrates shall decide what number they will issue, and that this number shall be subject to the veto of the ratepayers, who may diminish, but will not have power to increase it; provided that this power shall not come into operation where there are no licensed houses in the district, or where the number licensed and proposed to be licensed does not exceed a certain proportion fixed by the bill. The licenses granted will be subject to an annual license rent; will, in the absence of violation of the law, remain in force for ten years; and will be sold by tender to the highest bidder. Eating-houses, inns, and public refreshment-rooms will be specially dealt with. In order that the qualified rights of persons at present holding licenses may be respected, their licenses will, subject to the observance of the police regulations imposed by the bill and the payment of the modified license duty, be renewable as a right for ten years; at the expiration of which time they will expire, and it will be for the magistrates and ratepayers to determine how many licenses shall be issued. The closing hours of public-houses are to be assimilated to those of beer-houses. Neither class of houses are to open before seven o'clock in the morning, and both are to close in the metropolis at midnight, in country towns at eleven, and in rural districts at ten p.m. On Sundays they are to be closed entirely, except during the hours between one and three o'clock in the afternoon, and seven and nine in the evening. The measure provides for the imposition of increased penalties for the harbouring of bad characters, the encouragement of drunkenness, and the adulteration of liquors. And to secure the latter object the *Albion* year, which Mr. Bruce calculates will be received for license rents, is to be applied to the payment of a corps of inspectors, whose duty it will be to secure that no adulterated liquor shall be sold in licensed houses.

The tone of the discussion which followed the speech of the Home Secretary, and in which many hon. members on both sides of the House took part, was favourable to the general scope and to the main provisions of the bill; but some of its details were exposed to criticism and objection. After Mr. Bruce had said a few words in reply, the formal resolutions which he had proposed were agreed to; and thus practically the House gave its assent to the introduction of the bill.

GOVERNMENT AND LOCAL TAXATION.

Mr. Hardcastle having obtained leave to bring in a bill to repeal the minority clauses of the Reform Act, Mr. GOSCHEN rose to explain the intentions of the Government with regard to local government and local taxation, and to ask permission to introduce two bills upon the subject. The provisions of these measures will, as far as administration is concerned, provide for the consolidation of all rates into one, to be collected by paid collectors, and subjected to a general audit. For all matters the parish will be regarded as the unit; all its officers are to be elected at the same time, by ballot; and each parish is to have a chairman. In each county there is to be established a financial board, consisting partly of justices of the peace and partly of representatives elected by the parochial chairmen in each petty sessional division; and all questions relating to local government and local taxation are to be placed under the control of the Poor-Law Board. All classes of property—including Government, municipal, and charitable buildings—are to contribute to the consolidated rate; metalliferous mines, timber, game, and some other subjects are for the first time to be rated; and many large country houses which at present escape rating are to be brought within the net. The payment of rates is, in certain cases, to be divided between landlords and tenants; and the house tax, after this year, to be applied to local instead of Imperial purposes, and will thus operate in diminution of rates. The right hon. gentleman did not conclude his speech until one o'clock; and the debate was, upon the motion of Sir M. Beach, adjourned.

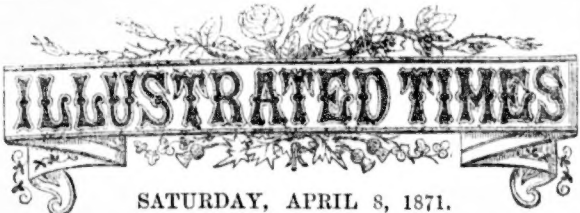
TUESDAY, APRIL 4.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. MIALL postponed until May 9, his motion relating to the disestablishment of State Churches throughout the United Kingdom; the Secret Voting Bill was committed pro forma, and amendments introduced prohibiting the officials engaged in superintending the poll at Parliamentary and municipal elections from giving information as to who had or had not recorded their votes, and extending the measure to Scotland; the Inclosure Law Amendment Bill was read the second time, and referred to a Select Committee, who will have power to send for persons, papers, and records. The Trades Unions Bill and the Criminal Law Amendment (Masters and Workmen) Bill, as amended, were considered; and leave was given to Mr. Goschen to bring in the Rating and Local Government Bill and the Local Taxation Bill. Some other bills were also brought in, and the House adjourned until Monday, the 17th inst.

REVOLUTIONARY LIFE.—M. Charles Lullier, late Commandant of the National Guard of Paris, has published a protest against the ungrateful conduct of the Central Committee in withdrawing his command and committing him to prison. After setting forth in detail how, in fulfilling the duties imposed upon him, he, on March 18, rallied the National Guards to the revolutionary cause, and subsequently took military possession of all the chief strategic points in Paris, M. Lullier says, "During five days I had altogether seven and a half hours' sleep, I ate three meals, and passed twenty-eight hours on horseback. During the same period I also dispatched in all directions nearly 2500 military orders. On March 24, worn out with fatigue, and scarcely able to stand, I said to the members of the Committee: 'Citizens, we are masters of Paris in a military point of view. I will answer with my head for the position of affairs, but let us act with extreme prudence in a political point of view.' And for the fourth time I urged the release of General Chanzy. From that time I was no longer wanted. The next day I was summoned to the Committee. The doors were bolted, I was surrounded by a party of National Guards, and without any further formality than the pretext that I had granted a safe conduct to Citizen Glais-Bizoin, I was cast into prison upon the ground that I had been in communication with Versailles. I will not stoop to vindicate myself. My character is above all such suspicion. Before me an unaccountable outrage I shrink within myself, and from my swelling breast there escapes but one cry—a supreme appeal to those who will be my defenders at the peril of my life. People of Paris, I appeal to thy conscience. People, I appeal to thy justice."

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SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1871.

MR. GLADSTONE AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

MANY terrors are in store for Mr. Gladstone. Ill-conditioned persons go to and fro in the earth, murmuring that a set-to between him and Mr. Lowe is an event which must come off at some not very distant day. But that is nothing. A short while back one of the Women's Suffrage journals—we believe it was Miss Becker's—intimated its belief that, on the question of female voting, the Premier was squeezable. "Get up," wrote those ladies in effect, "a sufficient number of public meetings; present petitions; put on the screw; and Mr. Gladstone will be made to do whatever you like. Mangling done here. What do we care for his conscience? We will get him into our Baker's patent, and roll him as flat as a pancake—and he'll give in." This was just as if a band of Diana's sisterhood, "chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon," should aver that, in case they could not win by Dian's weapons, they had a band of Bacchantes in the background ready to be let loose upon a stubborn opponent. And the ladies have not stopped here. Miss Becker's journal this month contains an article from which we take the following passages:—

We charge Mr. Gladstone's Administration with levity in dealing with a question affecting the electoral rights of one sixth of the householders of a nation. . . . We are, however, not altogether without hope that the Government may reconsider the matter. The just and liberal sentiments in regard to the political rights of women avowed by the leader of the Opposition, in his place in the House of Commons, in 1866, are known to be shared by many of the most eminent members of the present Government. This is artfully accompanied by some large-print handbills, which run as follows:—

The following extract is taken from one of Mr. Disraeli's "Speeches on Parliamentary Reform," delivered in April, 1866. He said:—"I observe that in a debate that recently took place not only in another place, but another country, on the suffrage, some ridicule was occasioned by a gentleman advocating the rights of the other sex to the suffrage; but, as far as mere abstract reason is concerned, I should like to see anybody in this House who is a follower of the hon. gentleman get up and oppose that claim. I say that in a country governed by a woman—where you allow women to form part of the other estate of the realm—peeresses in their own right, for example—where you allow a woman not only to hold land, but to be a lady of the manor and hold legal courts—where a woman by law may be a churchwarden and overseer of the poor, I do not see, where she has so much to do with the State and Church, on what reasons, if you come to right, she has not a right to vote."

The right hon. gentleman made a still more direct avowal of his opinions in a debate in the House of Commons on April 27, 1866, when he said:—"I have always been of opinion that, if there is to be universal suffrage, women have as much right to vote as men; and, more than that, a woman having property ought now to have a vote, in a country in which she may hold manorial courts and sometimes act as churchwarden."

It is thus perfectly plain that these ladies intend, as far as possible, to play off Mr. Disraeli against Mr. Gladstone on this question. It is true the words quoted from "the leader of the Opposition" are two-edged, but ladies will find no difficulty in shutting their eyes to one side of the blade; at least, those ladies will not who have a weather-eye to the squeezableness of Mr. Gladstone. Will that gentleman put wax in his ears and have himself tied to the mast?

ECCE ITERUM—THE LAW OF LIBEL!

A morning contemporary, by its comments upon the Goldschmidt-Lind libel case, has just furnished a curious illustration of that ignorance of the law which this journal recently pointed out in another connection. The article to which we now refer observes that it is a pity the plaintiffs had to come forward and defend themselves on oath against the infamous libels circulated against them, because that gives a colour to the notion that you may go and say what you please against another person's character so long as it is true. Now, as we have repeatedly pointed out, English law in this matter, as in many others, is a "labyrinth of myriad precedents," "a wilderness of single instances;" and as the law of libel now stands interpreted (supposing the dicta correctly reported), the notion in question is a true one. So far as the question of damages is concerned, it appears that a man may say anything he pleases against another so long as he can prove what he says. The only checks upon his doing so are the difficulty and costliness of making out a "justification" at law; the utter uncertainty that attends the working of the jury system; and, lastly, the fact, which we insisted upon, that a libel, true or false, is a breach of the peace, and an indictable offence. Our readers will remember a very recent case in which a lady of title declined to appear in support of an indictment for a very gross libel because the lady charged with the crime solemnly

avowed her innocence of it. There is, indeed, one other check—namely, the odium which among most good people attends even a successful—and truthful—libeller.

Once more we call the attention of lawyers, legislators, and others to the very unsatisfactory condition of the law as laid down by the Lord Chief Justice and others in recent cases. Supposing Mr. Goldschmidt, instead of being a good and frugal husband, had been all that the libellers made him out to be, what earthly good purpose could have been served by making the facts public through the press? And what, in the name of wonder, is the meaning of a dictum attributed to Sir Alexander Cockburn in this case—namely, that "the mischief done is the measure of the malice?" It may be. It may also be that the height of the Monument is the measure of British virtue; but who could have thought it?

THE LOUNGER.

THANKS to Sir Erskine May, the new Clerk of the House of Commons, vice Sir Denis Le Marchant, resigned, the members have delivered at their homes, every Monday morning, a list of the public bills of the Session, with the name of the promoter of each bill and the stage at which it stands. On the paper of Monday, April 3, there are 98 bills. Of these, 35 are Government bills; the remaining 63 are promoted by private members. On Monday, 2 bills were brought in; on Tuesday, 4—making the number of bills introduced this Session 104. Then there are the bills which the Lords have originated. Of these I have no list. Of the bills introduced in the House of Commons, 7 have already received the Royal assent, 12 have passed the House and gone to the Lords, and 5 have been withdrawn, reducing the number of bills actually before the House to 80. Of these the most important are the following:—Army Regulation Bill (read the second time); Education (Scotland) (read the second time); Election, Parliamentary and municipal—commonly called the Ballot Bill (read the second time); Inclosure Law Amendment (read the second time and sent to Select Committee); Marriage Law Amendment (Ireland) (read the first time); Merchant Shipping (read the first time); Metropolis Water (read the first time); Mines Regulations (read the second time); Prayer Book, Tables and Lessons (read the second time); Trades Unions (stands for third reading); Licensing Bill (read the first time); Rating and Local Government (read the first time). If, then, no more Government business were to come before the House, here is enough to employ all the time which Government will have at its command. But we know that there is much more ahead. There is the Budget and its consequent bills, and all the Supplies to be voted. In short, it is quite clear to everyone experienced in Parliamentary matters that the Government has cut out far more work than Parliament can possibly perform—enough work, I should say, for two clear Sessions; and very soon Mr. Gladstone will have to determine what shall be gone on with and what shall be shunted out of the way. The Merchant Shipping Bill is a very important measure. Twice, if not three times, this bill, or a bill for the same purpose, has been brought in. It is a codification of all the laws on merchant shipping, and I am told that it is very much wanted, which one can well understand. In every department of the law codification is needed. But look at the bill. It contains 696 clauses, extending over 306 folio pages. Remembering the business which must be got through, I think that this cumbersome omnibus stands very little chance of getting through the bar. The Mines Regulation Bill ought to be passed. For many years the miners have been promised a reform of the mines regulations, and many bills have been brought in to that end; so one would hope that they will not be disappointed; but every day the hope gets fainter. The Army Regulation will pass, and so will the Ballot Bill. Mr. Forster has that in hand, and he, as we know—if mortal man—will put this measure through. But what shall we say of the Scotch Education Bill, with its eight or nine folio pages of amendments, a bill in the hands of the Lord Advocate, and not under the management of the Vice-President of the Council? Well, I should be sorry to take long odds that this bill will become law this Session. Nor will Mr. Secretary Bruce find it an easy task to pass that Prayer-Book and Lessons Bill, which the Lords have sent down. Mr. Beresford-Hope has already sounded the trumpet of opposition to it. Mr. Davenport Lewis thinks that the clergy might be left to choose what lessons they like, as they now choose their texts; and when the bill gets into Committee, and the reformed tables of lessons shall come under consideration, there will be prolonged, if not endless, squabbles, as there always are and always have been in all political assemblies, sanhedrims, church councils, &c., when theological or ecclesiastical questions have had to be considered. By-the-way, is not the reformed House of Commons, with its hundred Dissenters of all kinds, a curious assembly to settle such a question as this? And yet, whilst the Church continues to be a State Church, without the consent of the Commons no change in the law which governs the Church can be made. Mr. Bruce's Licensing Bill, which he introduced on Monday, is, I think, doomed already. This liquor question is one of the most difficult that ever statesman had to solve. It would be easier to disestablish the English Church than to get the matter settled satisfactorily. Mr. Bruce has not solved the question, and never will. Mr. Goschen's Local Government and Taxation Bills can surely never be passed this Session. It is a revolution that he proposes. I have a notion that the right hon. gentleman does not hope, or even intend to attempt, to pull this great measure through. The bill will be printed and circulated through the country, for all justices of the peace, municipal corporations, parish officers, &c., to consider and digest. Then there will be, if time can be got, a long discussion upon the second reading, and then it will be shelved for this year. It is a grand scheme, evidently the work of a master mind, and it was—in that wonderful speech which Mr. Goschen delivered on Monday night—explained with extraordinary lucidity. But, surely, it is too big a reform to be achieved in one Session.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.**THE MAGAZINES, ETC.**

A hundred pens will before now have been busy with the blunder about to be noted—at least, I suppose so. Sir Robert Peel, in that speech of his, the other night, as to which he was congratulated on having appeared in a new character, was reported to have attributed to Tennyson the words—

There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair;
The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mourning for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

It is quite possible that we have here a reporter's error; but, in any case, few people can have read the quotation without at once assigning the lines to their right place in the poem of "Resignation," by Longfellow. It has struck me that the "dailies" must latterly have been employing rather an inferior class of reporters, for errors have been on the increase. Still, Sir Robert is not a model of accuracy, and at present the blame rests on his shoulders.

In the *Cornhill* the papers on Nathaniel Hawthorne are continued, and, like all such matters, they are very readable; but, strange to say, they add little, if anything, to our knowledge of the man. The paper on "The Census" is amusing; but that topic has proved hitherto an extremely barren one. Yet, surely, it is promising. We have heard, till we are weary, of the reluctance of women to state their ages—it is a standing joke—and we experience no particular sensation of surprise on learning

that the returns have sometimes been handed, sealed, to the enumerators' wives, with special entreaties that they might be held private and confidential. By-the-by, wouldn't it be possible, nay, easy, to get a good farce out of the Census? In its stories the *Cornhill*, as usual, is strong; and the illustrations are decidedly better than they have lately been in this periodical.

Apropos, I saw somewhere the other day a reminder that the *Train* was the beginner of the shilling monthly magazines. Is that quite exact? Of course it was before the *Cornhill*; but was it the very first of its order? Oh, no; of course not. I remember. There was Douglas Jerrold's *Shilling Magazine*; that must have been published at about 1846-8, while the *Train* would have been, I suppose, about 1855-7.

Admirably told is "Patty" in *Macmillan*. The magazine, however, is unusually full of discussable matter, and one knows not where to lay the finger to begin with. Miss Cobbe returns to the subject of "Unconscious Cerebration," and the essay is interesting, but not satisfactory. It is nothing to her purpose to affirm that the conscience is mostly dormant in dreams; a single exception to the rule is as bad as ten thousand. Moreover, if A is one exception, it is probable that there are many others. I have already stated, and now repeat, that in my own experience (and I am a tremendous dreamer) the conscience is wide awake in dreams, and especially wide awake in those particulars in which it is wide awake in the day-time. What is more, all my experience is dead in the teeth of others of her "facts." It is utterly false, in my experience, that we do in dreams things contrary to our nature when fully self-conscious. A kind person will dream, says Miss Cobbe, that he is cutting a fellow-creature in pieces, or something of the sort. I believe all this to be utter nonsense, if taken as the basis of any generalisations whatever. If Miss Cobbe should see these lines, she may implicitly believe that there are human beings (at least, I can answer for two) whose dreams are of the exact complexion of their waking thoughts. My own dreams—except when they are mere nightmares, all about precipices, dark holes, &c.—run upon books, knotty points in speculation, beautiful women and statues, forests, the sea, poetry, and moral casuistry of various kinds. I can remember numerous cases of wrongdoing in dreams, but none of them involving cruelty, force, or dishonesty, and not one in which I had not a fight with my conscience, often a struggle involving a prolonged argument. Nay, sometimes I have had dreams which have involved foresight of distant obligations and painfully-considered plans for fulfilling them. Now, "facts is facts." And this is not a hundredth part of what I could narrate of my own experience and that of other people known to me. On the whole, Miss Cobbe's theory is, in my opinion, utterly worthless.

In *London Society* the woodcuts are greatly improved. "Still Life" is very charming. In the first of some capital papers of "Recollections," by Mr. J. R. Planche, occurs the following passage:—

My poor mother's health breaking down completely, and incapacitating her from further superintendence of my education, I was placed, at the age of eight, in a boarding-school kept by a Rev. Mr. Farrer, in Lawrence-street, Chelsea. In the room in which I slept were two boys, both as handsome as they were clever. They amused themselves with writing plays and enacting the principal parts in them, displaying considerable histrionic ability. My early-developed theatrical proclivities naturally riveted the bonds of friendship which were speedily formed between us. The youngest was about my own age. He had glossy black hair, curling gracefully over his head, and a pair of piercing dark eyes, that sparkled with humour and intelligence. They left school before me. The eldest I never saw again; he went to America and died there; but my special friend rose to high distinction at the Bar, and, having filled the important office of Solicitor and Attorney General, is at the present moment Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

This refers, of course, to Sir FitzRoy Kelly; but has he dark eyes?

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

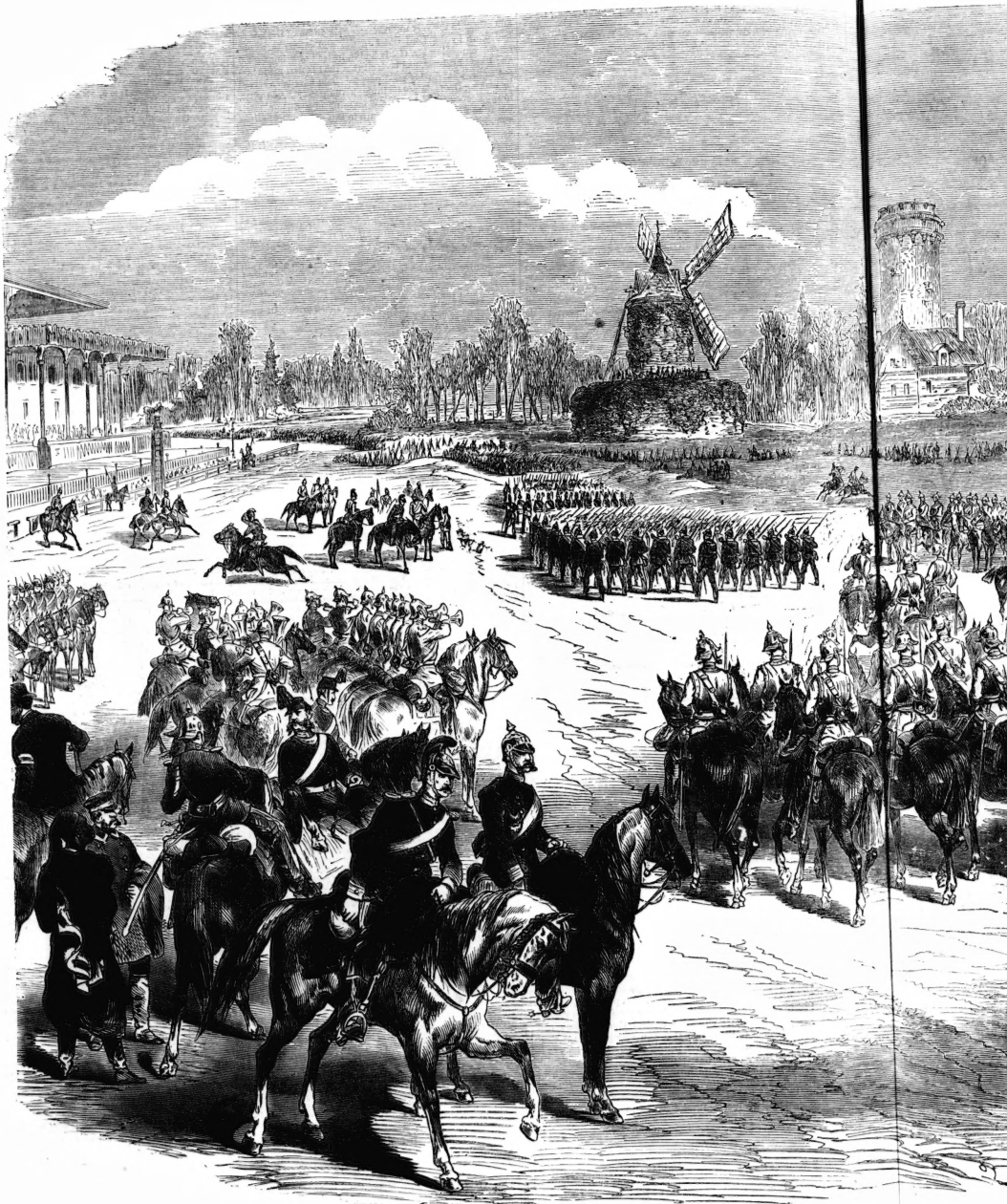
Those who happened to drop into the Gaiety on Saturday afternoon last, after the boat-race was over, might have enjoyed some admirable acting. A mysterious some one has adapted a little play, called "L'Homme n'est pas Parfait," for Mr. Toole; and, as played by Mr. Toole and Mrs. Billington, "Off the Line" is well worth seeing. It is a domestic scene of great variety, and it is played with singular point. The intense nature of both artists went thoroughly home to the audience, and for an hour there was not the slightest suspicion of weariness. Mr. Toole is a half-sottish, half-comical, not altogether bad-natured engine-driver, more weak than vicious, who flirts with a servant-maid down the line, from whom he receives such casual presents as a drop of brandy-and-water and a sandwich. The sly engine-driver does not confess that he is a married man, and he is, consequently, pestered with letters asking him to take his young woman to the play and to walk out with her on Sundays. One of these letters is discovered by the honest, hard-working wife, who believes implicitly in the virtue of her spouse, and goes out of her way to make him happy and comfortable. A disturbance is, of course, the consequence. Husband and wife have their first quarrel, and the absolute truth of this wrangle, as shown by Mr. Toole and Mrs. Billington, is the chief recommendation of the play. The savage resentment of the woman, the love struggling with hate, the hysterical bantering, the disappointment, and, finally, the feminine rage and torrent of passion, were finely portrayed by Mrs. Billington. Mr. Toole's acting was no less a study. You see the cowardice of the man, or rather the want of moral courage, and with it all you feel what an honest, tender-hearted fellow was this grimy engine-driver. The principal artists were called and recalled amidst much enthusiasm, and Mr. Soutar and Mr. Maclean deserve notice for the very careful and efficient manner in which they played small characters. The little piece went so well that I have no doubt we shall see something of it again when Mr. Toole returns to the Gaiety in May for a few morning performances. He will not come back regularly until Christmas, having his hands very full of provincial engagements. A new opera, in which Mr. Santley is to reappear, will be played to-night (Saturday), founded on an episode in the life of Peter the Great. A new Offenbachian opera bouffe will also be produced.

Mrs. Wood will give us a new play, in which she will appear as Mistress Ann Bracegirdle. This will be instead of the "Vesta" burlesque at the St. James's.

The Adelphi and the Princess's both promise important novelties on Easter Monday, of a sensational kind. Mr. Andrew Halliday has adapted "Notre Dame de Paris" for the Adelphi, and we are to have the old Princess's "Faust and Marguerite" revived, in addition to a farce by the Vokes family, and a "Freak of Fancy," by Mr. E. L. Blanchard.

I doubt if the Globe will open on Easter Monday; but the pretty Philharmonic promises a new and tasty extravaganza, called "Nightingale's Wooing," of which I hear a great deal. Mr. Morton is determined to do everything in great taste, and he has secured for the libretto two young gentlemen who are determined to avoid all semblance of vulgarity.

MARRIED SOLDIERS.—A new code of regulations for married soldiers was issued from the War Office on Saturday. The "married roll" is, in future, to include all staff sergeants, military foremen, six sergeants out of every ten, and seven per cent of rank and file, provided they have completed seven years' service in the Army and earned one good-conduct badge. No soldier is to be placed on the married roll unless he obtains the consent of his commanding officer before marriage. The wives and families of soldiers married with leave are granted certain allowances, in the shape of lodging money, provisions, fuel, and light; and if any woman on the roll misconducts herself, the commanding officer of the corps may remove her name and the names of her children, and send them to her home. The order specifies the lodging accommodation and furniture to be provided for married soldiers in quarters, or the money allowance in lieu thereof, ranging from 2s. 4d. to 8s. 6d. per week. When on foreign stations, and in certain other cases, half a soldier's ration of food will be supplied to each of the women, or 3d. a day; and a quarter ration, or 1½d., to each child. When a soldier is necessarily separated from his family, these allowances will be doubled. The new regulations appear to give satisfaction to the men.



THE LATE WAR: REVIEW OF THE GERMAN ARMY AT LONGCHAMP, APRIL 4, 1871.



THE GERMAN ARMY AT LONGCHAMP, AFTER THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE

In the above it will be seen that the average weight per man of the Cambridge crew, exclusive of the coxswain, was 12 st. 1½ lb.; while that of the Oxford was 12 st. 4 lb. The latter, however, as they sat in their boat, looked by far the bigger crew: but this was doubtless owing in a great measure to the fact of their

"work" being placed much higher than that of their opponents, whose thwarts were fixed almost on a level with the floor of their boat, thereby giving them the appearance of being shorter between the shoulder and the hip than they really were. The dimensions of the two boats were as follow:—Oxford: Length, 58 ft.; greatest width, 23½ in. Cambridge: Length, 56 ft. 6 in.; greatest width, 24 in. The former was constructed by J. and S. Salter, of Oxford and Eton; and the latter by J. H. Clasper, of Wandsworth. The Cambridge men rowed with oars made by Ayling, Oxford using a mixed set of Ayling's and Ralph's. There was little or no betting on board the steam-boats, but ashore 2 to 1 on Cambridge was the current quotation, though in some occasional instances we believe as much as 9 to 4 was laid.

Little time was lost in getting ready for the start. As soon as the two eights had taken up their allotted positions, and the men had divested themselves of their extra flannels and "comforters," Mr. Searle, who, as usual, officiated as starter, took them under his charge, and having put the customary preliminary question—"Are you ready?"—amid breathless silence gave the fateful signal at 10h. 8 min. 15 sec. It was a beautifully level start—the sixteen oars catching the water simultaneously; and the long-pent excitement of the spectators, both ashore and afloat, found vent in a deafening roar as the two eights dashed away on their journey. For an instant Oxford seemed to have the best of it, the nose of their boat being a foot or two in advance; but it was only for an instant, as in the next half-dozen strokes the light blues had recovered their position, and, drawing away in turn inch by inch, soon showed with an appreciable lead. Off Simmonds's they were eight or ten feet to the good, and at the Creek they had increased their advantage to a quarter of a length. Here the Oxford coxswain, apparently not relishing the slack water under the Middlesex shore, turned the nose of the boat outwards, and edged further into the tideway, in somewhat dangerous proximity, as it appeared to us, to the bow oars of Cambridge; but Mr. Gordon gave way a trifle, and as they made the Point both boats were nearly in the centre of the stream. By this time Cambridge, who had started with a slightly quicker stroke than their opponents, but had now settled down into the steady swing of thirty-eight to the minute, had improved their lead to upwards of half a length, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of Oxford, continued gradually to draw away, coming out with a clear lead midway between the Grass Wharf and the Crab Tree. As they crossed the water a gap of fully half a length separated the two boats, and by the time the Soapworks point was reached the light blues had increased the gap to a clear length. Hitherto Mr. Gordon had kept an irreproachable course; but here, probably with the view of washing his opponents, he suddenly pulled his right string hand, thereby throwing his boat right athwart the tide; the Oxford coxswain followed suit, and as the two boats approached the dummy at Hammersmith Bridge, their heads were pointing diagonally across the stream, as though they were making for the Doves. Still Cambridge continued to gain, and passed under the Suspension Bridge with a lead of nearly a length and a half clear; both crews rowing at this stage of the race—as nearly as we could judge—about thirty-nine to the minute. The time up to Hammersmith was exactly 9 min. 9½ sec.; not a good performance on paper, but good enough considering they had a head wind all the way, and little or no tide under them. Rounding the Horseshoe bend, both boats were wide, the Oxford coxswain keeping right over the Middlesex side in the dead water, while Cambridge went in middle of the tideway. Alongside Chiswick Ryot the dark blues, whose rowing had been at times extremely rough and unsteady, seemed to pull themselves together, and held their own very fairly up to Chiswick Church, where a brilliant spurt from Mr. Leslie, who rowed throughout with the greatest pluck and determination, brought them up within a length of the leaders, and for a moment it seemed as if the whole aspect of the race was about to undergo a change at the very spot which has of late years so often witnessed the crisis of the struggle. Mr. Goldie, however, was equal to the emergency; and a rattling counter-spurt, in which he was well backed up behind by the whole of his crew, again took the light blues well to the fore, and by the time the Duke's Bathing-place was reached they had regained their original lead. A little distance above the Bathing-place the Cambridge coxswain, who had most assiduously thrown his backwash on the port-bow of his opponents, suddenly changed his tactics, and crossing over to the Middlesex side, came right in front of Oxford, and, for the first time in the race, fairly took their water. In the next few hundred yards the two boats kept on in Indian file; but off the Bull's Head Mr. Hall, finding his crew were rapidly falling "all to pieces" in the surf, at last crossed over, and came out on the Surrey side. The two boats retained pretty nearly the same relative positions up to Barnes Railway Bridge, where Cambridge led by about two clear lengths. At this stage the race looked all over—hopelessly gone beyond chance of redemption. The Oxford crew seemed to be utterly beaten and demoralised by the long stern chase, and to all appearance everything was lost but honour; and yet between here and the finish the spectators were treated to one of the most magnificent displays of rowing ever witnessed on the Thames. Rousing his men for a final effort, Mr. Lesley quickened from 39 to 43, and in less time than it takes us to record it the whole aspect of the contest was changed. Hand over hand Oxford came up with the leaders; off the White Hart the gap was reduced to little more than a length; at the Brewery another half-length had been wiped off, and as the two boats breasted the Ship the long lead of Cambridge had diminished to some 12 ft. or 15 ft. From here to the flag-boat, which was moored a little distance below the site of Barker's Itals, the struggle was maintained on both sides with most unflinching determination, every yard of water being doggedly contested; but, notwithstanding all the efforts of Oxford—who despite their distressed condition, held on with their spurt to the last, and actually overlapped the leaders within fifty yards of the finish—the light blues retained their lead to the goal, and ultimately passed the winning-post, according to the judge's verdict—three quarters of a length in advance. The time from start to finish was exactly 23 min. 8½ sec. Mr. J. W. Chitty, as usual, occupied the honorary post of umpire, and "honest John Phelps" officiated as judge.

THE DINNER.

The crews lunched together, as usual, after the race at the house of Mr. Phillips, of Mortlake; and in the evening the University boat-race dinner took place at Willis's Rooms. Mr. Goldie, the president of the Cambridge University Boat Club, was in the chair, and he was supported by many past and present University oarsmen. Mr. Darbshire, an often-successful Oxford University stroke; Mr. Willan, one of the famous Harvard four; Mr. Risley, another Oxford stroke; Mr. Chambers, the Cambridge coach; and many others were present; and, of course, the two contending crews.

The toast of the evening—namely, "The Health of the Cambridge Crew," was proposed by Mr. Benson, the president of the Oxford University Boat Club. He praised with great feeling the plucky manner in which the Oxford crew had worked; and, though regretting that it was not his fortune to be one of them this year, owned that they had been beaten by a better boat. He was not a bit ashamed of the Oxford boat, and there was no dishonour at all in being beaten by Mr. Goldie and his men.

Mr. Goldie returned thanks, and took occasion to praise the extraordinary pluck which Oxford had shown in rowing a "stern race." He owned that after Barnes Bridge had been passed, and when he thought the race was comfortably over, he "began to be in a funk" when Mr. Lesley put on his magnificent spurt. It was a wonderful spurt, he said, for a crew which had rowed behind so long, and he fairly owned that he had to pull himself together to finally shake off the determined Lesley.

Mr. Woodhouse returned thanks for the Oxford University crew, and owned that the race had been fairly rowed from beginning to finish. Moreover, it had been honestly won; but he hoped the day would come when he would be able to be instrumental in

again turning the tables, for he had now rowed in a winning and a losing race, and he owned the losing race was far the hardest work.

About sixty were present. During dinner the band of the Coldstream Guards played a charming selection of music, under the direction of Mr. Fred. Godfrey.

Literature.

Conversations on War and General Culture. By the Author of "Friends in Council." London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Helps (we suppose everybody knows that the author of "Friends in Council" is Mr. Arthur Helps, Clerk of the Privy Council) has adopted a very attractive form in which to present his lucubrations to the public. By throwing his essays into the conversational form, he surrounds them with a sort of dramatic character and attaches to them the interest which dramatic compositions always possess. In a drama there is a double source of interest—that in the story, and that in the actors; and in these conversations something of the same kind arises: we become interested in the speakers as well as in their utterances. Indeed, Mr. Helps has created a regular set of dramatic personae, who must each by this time have become thoroughly personified to his numerous readers. But, extensively as Mr. Helps's productions are read, they are perhaps not universally known; and therefore a brief introduction to his leading interlocutors may be of use. Several friends—politicians, lawyers, men of letters, members of Parliament, ex-Ministers, &c.—are supposed to be assembled for a few days at the house of Mr. Milverton, and their conversations are recorded by that gentleman's private secretary—that is to say, Mr. Helps invents the conversations and affects to have had them printed from the reports of a certain Sandy Johnston. The leading man among the talkers is Mr. Milverton, philosopher, author, friend of progress and culture in general; and, to our mind, a little bit of an intellectual "prig," a good deal of a visionary, and in a small degree a bore. Next in importance is Sir John Ellesmere, a lawyer, much given to joking and contradiction, not very learned (except professionally), but with great powers of application and a rich vein of shrewd common sense. Next there is Sir Arthur, author, politician, and aspirant to office, who usually plays the part of echo to Mr. Milverton; for, as Ellesmere remarks, "the two scribblers are always in wonderful accord with one another." Then there is Cranmer, ex-Secretary to the Treasury, and aspirant to fill that or some other post again, and who serves as a butt for the lawyer's wit. Mr. Mauleverer is a fat gastronome and affected misanthrope, who sees nothing to admire anywhere, and is disposed to altogether despair of humanity, except when said humanity devotes itself to culinary study and discovery. Finally, there are Lady Ellesmere and Mrs. Milverton, who occasionally take part in the talk, and generally, as might be expected from educated ladies, in a sensible, kindly spirit. It was the custom of this party to assemble each day in Mr. Milverton's library, and to discuss the events of the day and such other themes as suggested themselves—the host being usually the introducer of topics and leader of the conversation. The subject he specially invited his friends to consider on this occasion was that stated in the title of Mr. Helps's book; a theme very natural at the time, but to which he found it difficult to confine attention. Indeed, the conversations, as conversations are apt to do, branched off into all manner of topics, very diverse theories being from time to time broached. On the whole, however, the talk is interesting, though occasionally prosy; decidedly commonplace, and even stale, ideas being sometimes introduced with a grand flourish, as though they were quite new and exceedingly startling. One of these is Mr. Milverton's condemnation, echoed by everybody else, of the publication of the Emperor Napoleon's private correspondence,—as if there were anything wonderful in gentlemen condemning such a transaction as that. Another is Sir John Ellesmere's announcement of a great stride having been made in European progress when the arbitration protocol and those touching the capture of goods (other than contraband of war) at sea were appended to the Treaty of 1866—a stride so great that Sir Arthur declares he has not an idea of what the lawyer means when he mentions it; as if those were not the only features of the treaty that were at all novel or indicated progress in international public opinion. On the other hand, our author occasionally propounds paradoxes, or what many readers will be apt to deem paradoxes. For example, he makes Mr. Milverton say that great composers are much rarer than great poets. Had he said that we possess fewer great musical compositions than great poems, perhaps he would have been nearer the truth; for this reason, that though music may have been invented before poetry, it is probable that the art of musical notation was of later introduction than the art of writing words—that is to say, the records of thought in poetry are older, and consequently more numerous, than the records of feeling in music. A great deal, of course, will depend, in judging Mr. Milverton's axiom, on the signification we attach to the word "great;" but of this we are certain, that if poets and composers had the decision in their hands, the world would be full of great men in both walks, as every poet and every composer would have no hesitation in appropriating the designation to himself. And that brings us to another of Mr. Milverton's seeming paradoxes—viz., that skill in music evolves humility. Now, our opinion on such a point may not count for much, seeing that we do not affect skill in music; but the result of our experience and observation is that, of all the sons and daughters of men, musicians are the most conceited and the least humble. To be sure, Mr. Milverton afterwards shifts his ground, and imputes the production of humility to the possession of a thorough acquaintance with what has been done in music: a totally different thing; for, in that case, it is general knowledge, not musical skill, that is the parent of humility; which, again, is not a novel idea; for it is not just Newton's dictum, that the more a man learns the more thoroughly convinced is he that he knows nothing? Probably, however, what Mr. Milverton intended to say is, that, considering what a great effort of genius a complicated musical score is, the study of the science ought to make inferior people humble. If so, we quite agree with him.

Mr. Helps talks—or makes his puppets talk—very strong "shop" now and then. He belongs to the Government Civil Service, and he would have the official class exalted; for, as he again makes Mr. Milverton say:—

If you wish war to be abstained from, further and favour and give power to this official class; so you will have a concentrated body close to the inmost springs of government, and very often moving these springs most effectually, who, by every motive that can actuate mankind, are profoundly adverse to war.

We doubt this philosophy; for we have not observed that the "official class," either in this country or elsewhere, have specially opposed themselves to war; and a dominant bureaucracy is not the greatest blessing a nation can possess, as France and Russia, among other peoples, know. Our author is also very hard upon economists of public money, particularly economists in small matters; thereby, we fear, betraying the official mind, and differing widely from that greatest of economists, Benjamin Franklin, who held that if you "took care of the pence, the pounds would take care of themselves."

These, however, are but small blemishes in a book that contains a great deal of truth and many very fine thoughts. The following passage, for instance, though it contains nothing new, very forcibly puts a point that is of great importance at the present juncture of European affairs, and has attracted much attention. In an essay on quarrelling, Mr. Milverton says:—

There should be a certain perfection aimed at in the conduct of a quarrel if it is to lead, as it ought always to lead, to a reconciliation. There should be no root left from which another quarrel, similar in nature to the original one, could possibly grow up. I need hardly remark that if this maxim applies with some force to the disputes of individuals, it applies with a great deal more force to the disputes and quarrels of nations—and

for the following reason: an individual is but a short-lived and transitory creature. A patched-up quarrel may sufficiently serve his or her purpose, even when it is evident that, both parties surviving, the quarrel must break anew. But the case is very different with nations, for they are long-lived creatures, and a root of discord (although what is visible of the evil thing above ground is swept off) is nearly certain to produce a renewal of the dispute, and probably of war, to the arbitrament of which national disputes are ultimately referred.

Have conquerors and diplomatists in general, and Kaiser William and Prince Bismarck in particular, been as fully alive as they ought to the truth contained in this extract? And have they not made peace in such a way as to leave "a root of discord" behind? We could adduce many other passages equally pregnant with good sense, did space permit. But we must content ourselves with strongly recommending a perusal of Mr. Helps's "Conversations on War and General Culture," which may be read with much interest and great profit.

Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood. By GEORGE MACDONALD. London: Strahan and Co.

It is much more the misfortune of reviewers and readers of reviews than of good authors that the space given to books of high merit is so often too small for any sort of fair proportion to that merit. Luckily, Mr. MacDonald must be well known to every reader of this Journal. His children's books—or, rather, his books for all ages written from a childlike point of view—are among the real glories of recent literature; and "Ranald Bannerman" is unquestionably one of his very best "juvenile" stories. It does not concern anybody to know, and probably the author himself could not wholly tell, precisely how much of what is called "foundation in fact" there is for this fine story of the boyhood of the son of a Scottish clergyman. The life of the boy is carried on to the verge of manhood, and on that verge he learns, in a very touching way, that he is "not" yet "a man." We scarcely know what words of praise or recommendation to employ concerning such a book which would not seem a little coarse or a little vague. Throughout the book there is a strong current of true, tender manliness; the seriousness (for the story is serious) is lit up with frequent touches of humour, and also with shafts of weird light let in upon it from fairyland—to use a vague word, which will, however, convey our meaning. We most warmly commend the volume to our readers, and hope it will be read by millions of boys and girls.

The only passage with which we have a quarrel begins on page 162, and relates to Ranald's school life:—

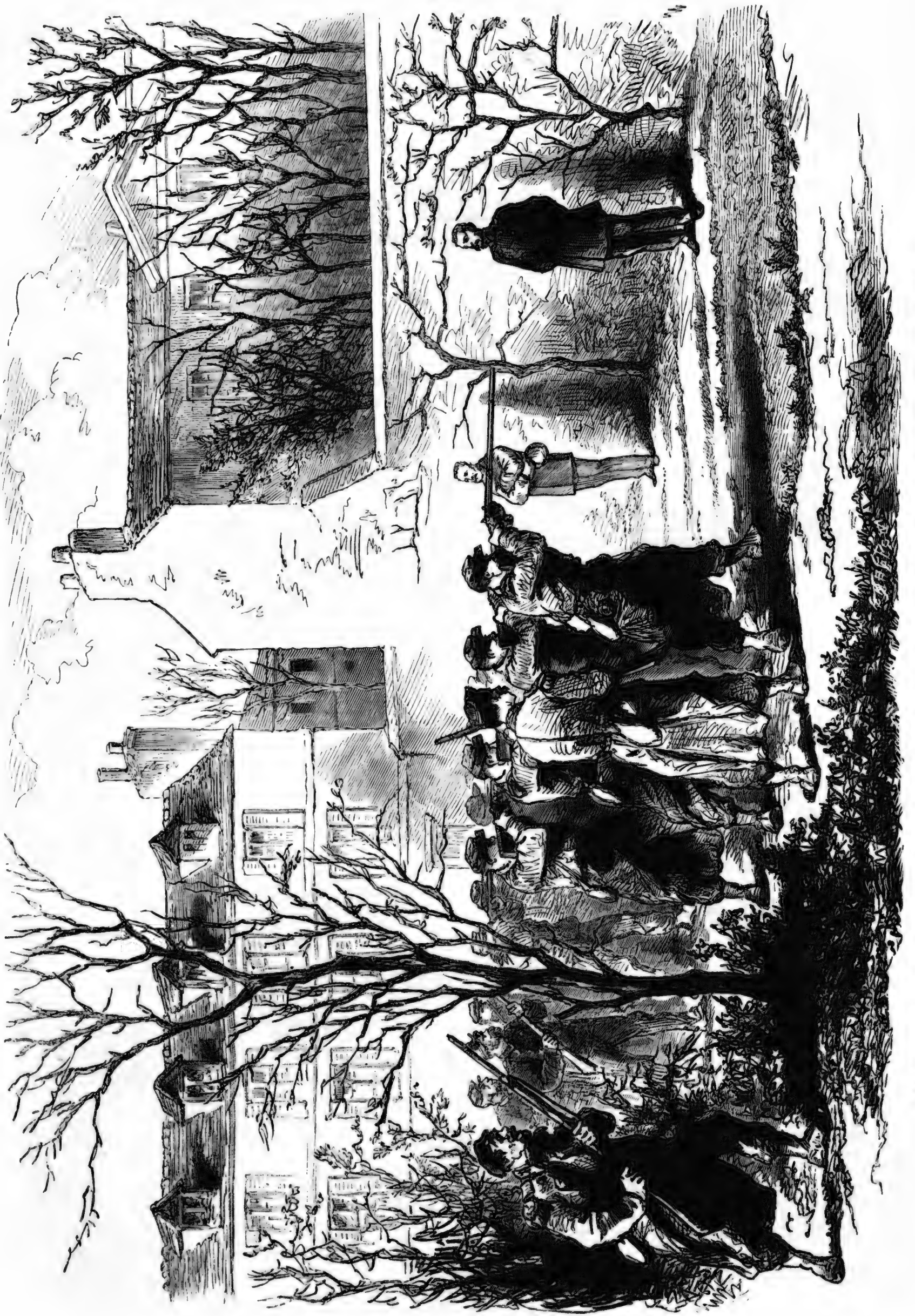
Here were boys of all ages, and girls likewise, ruled over by an energetic young man, with a touch of genius, manifested chiefly in an enthusiasm for teaching. He had spoken to me kindly the first day I went, and had secured my attachment that it never wavered, not even when, once, supposing me guilty of a certain breach of orders committed by my next neighbour, he called me up, and, with more severity than usual, ordered me to hold up my hand. The lash stung me dreadfully, but I was able to smile in his face notwithstanding. I could not have done that had I been guilty. He dropped his hand, already lifted for the second blow, and sent me back to my seat. I suppose either his heart interfered, or he saw that I was not in need of more punishment.

Here there is clearly an error in the phrasing; for Ranald was in no need of punishment at all, having committed no fault. That is something (though a trifle), considering how young most of the readers of the book will be. But why did Ranald take the blame and the pain he did not deserve? It is one thing to go and "tell" of a fault committed by another; that is usually an act of meanness—always, unless the fault involves an injury to some person which is likely to be repeated, or which cannot be repaired unless it be told of; or, except one or two other things—*quos nunc* &c.—though they may all be stated in strict logical categories. But it was plainly (so far as appears from the facts) Ranald's duty to deny having committed the fault, and leave the master to take his own measures for finding out the real culprit. The whole condition of such subjects, as between young and old, is one of such utter confusion; many grown people are so crude in their notions of government; the few young people who *might* grow up with decent ideas of justice catch such brutal notions of it from the majority who constitute their playmates; and all this reacts so miserably in adult life—producing, in fact, the witch-broth of moral blundering which "society" admires—that we shall always regret this passage in "Ranald Bannerman." However, we shall take care to use it as a text in teaching the young.

The illustrations by Mr. Hughes are extremely good; some of them are really beyond any words of admiration. We particularly like those fairy pages, 6, 42, 70, 153, 256, and 279, and the little drawing upon page 230. And so we lay aside a most lovely book, most inadequately noticed by us here.

THE WHITE CUIRASSIER AT THE ROYAL WEDDING.—The reporters of the recent Royal wedding seem to have been very much puzzled, as well as taken, by the appearance of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in the uniform of a White Cuirassier. The uniform he wore in St. George's Chapel was that of the 7th (Bismarck) Cuirassiers, of which his Serene Highness is honorary Colonel. The uniform is white, with a cuirass of polished steel; but the steel, of course, was doffed in gala time. The "Bismarck" was one of the few Prussian regiments that had any real hard hand to hand fighting during the late war. It charged at the battle of Vionville 372 strong, and brought out of the mêlée only fifty-two unwounded men. At first two regiments of French infantry, the 73rd and 95th of the Line, threw down their arms to the "Bismarcks"; but the 7th French Cuirassiers and the Chasseurs d'Afrique à Cheval, charging them in turn, a frightful hand-to-hand combat took place, which resulted in the decimation of the Prussians. The latter allege that the French Line regiments which had submitted fired on the "Bismarcks" as they retreated, thereby materially increasing the slaughter. We hardly think it necessary to add that his Serene Highness the honorary Colonel of the Bismarcks took no part in this grand passage of arms. The regiment was led in and led out of the bloody field by Lieutenant-Colonel Schmetto, and on the bridge hand of this brave officer rode a gallant young clansman of the Macculum More. Like Quentin Durward on the bridge hand of Dunelm, Lieutenant Campbell fought side by side with his gallant commanding officer all through the terrific struggle. We trust that this brave young Highlander will live many years to wear his Iron Cross and to win further honours and promotion; but we should be afraid to enumerate the number of wounds he has already received in upholding the honour of his clan under a foreign flag. Early in the battle Lieutenant Campbell charged a French battery and captured an eagle; but the French soldiers, becoming furious, surrounded him, and a bullet through the hand compelled him to relinquish his prize. He retreated, covered with wounds and weak from loss of blood, but fighting desperately. At last he reached the Prussian position, and fell, thoroughly exhausted, into the arms of an equally brave comrade, the late Colonel Pemberton.—*United Service Gazette.*

ITALY AND IMPERIAL FRANCE.—The *Nazione* of Florence has just published a document of some historical interest. The French Government hoped that the sudden cession of Venetia to France by Austria on July 8, 1866, two days after the defeat of Sadowa, would induce Italy to forgo the Prussian alliance; and the unexpected obstinacy of France's tenaciously submissive protégé had been the cause of great dissatisfaction at the Tuilleries. On this occasion Baron Ricasoli, at that time President of the Council, sent the following despatch in cipher to Chevalier Nigra, in Paris:—"It is no secret at Vienna that Venetia has been yielded up in the hope of acquiring fresh force of arms wherewith to combat Prussia. Italy cannot consent to play this part, contrary to her honour and to formal engagements taken by her. A pure and simple acceptance of the armistice would be an immoral, cowardly, and disloyal act towards Prussia, which alone would suffice to cover our nation with shame for a century, and deprive us of all future allies as well as of all independence and all political credit. This must not be. Our engagements towards Prussia were known to the Emperor, at any rate, if not actually encouraged by him. He cannot claim that we should break them. There is something more precious to us even than Venetia, and that is the honour of Italy, of the King, of the Monarchy. Our reserves (attribution) concerning the acceptance of the armistice are:—1, that Prussia shall accept it; 2, that the reasonable and moderate demands of Italy shall be fulfilled. We are told—You have gained no victories, so it does not become you to advance too heavy claims. But neither have we solicited peace from any one; and we have likewise wished to make war without any foreign aid whatever. We are not victorious, it is true; but neither have we been vanquished. The army is redoubling its courage. We only desire to see our arms unfettered. We shall pursue the road traced by our engagements, of which the Emperor is well aware, and traced by our own principles and the irresistible will of the nation profoundly agitated. If the Emperor convokes the Legislative Body we will convocate our Parliament, and expose in the face of Europe what we were summoned to do and the answer we were forced to give."



THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS: MURDER OF GENERALS CLEMENT THOMAS AND LECOMTE BY THE INSURGENTS.—(SEE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES," MARCH 26, PAGE 181.)



THE LATE WAR: GERMAN SOLDIERS REMOVING PROPERTY FROM ST. DENIS.—(SEE PAGE 218.)



THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS: INSURGENTS RETAKING CANNON IN FRONT OF THE MAIRIE OF MONTMARTRE ON MARCH 18.—(SEE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES," MARCH 25, PAGE 178.)

MUSIC.

VERDI'S "La Traviata," Rossini's "Guillaume Tell," and Donizetti's "La Figlia del Reggimento" have been performed at the Royal Italian Opera since the opening night. Of the first and last there is little to say beyond stating that Mdlle. Sessi represented the heroine of each, and, whether impersonating Violetta or Maria, did her work in that half-pleasing, wholly commonplace fashion to which she has accustomed us. Mdlle. Sessi is clever, but so thoroughly conventional that nature would seem to have denied her the slightest inspiration of her own. Both performances, taken as a whole, were wearisome, and were made all the duller by poor and unsympathetic houses. In "La Traviata," the place of Signor Cotogni (Enrico) was taken by Signor Rocca, late of the Lyceum, and Signor Urio (Alfredo) made his first appearance. In "La Figlia," Madame Demerit-Lablache (Countess) and Signor Clampi (Sulpizio) commenced their operatic labours for the season, the former doing so with a success which threw that of her collaborators into the shade. The performance of "Guillaume Tell," last Saturday night, was gratifying in every way. In the first place, Madame Carvalho and M. Faure made their debut, the one as Mathilde, the other as Tell, both winning high honours from a crowded audience. Madame Carvalho shows little or nothing of Time's advance. Her voice is as sympathetic and as flexible as ever it was, while she is more than ever an artist of intelligence and skill. Nothing could easily be better than her rendering of "Selva opaca," or than her share in the subsequent duet with Signor Mongini. That the Carvalho nights of the season will be among the most attractive hardly admits of a doubt. M. Faure had a warm reception, and showed that he deserved it by a really noble impersonation of the Swiss hero. Better acting, and better singing, are rarely witnessed on the lyric stage, and the audience were not slow to recognise the fact. Best of all, perhaps, was the scene of Tell's ordeal; throughout which M. Faure bore himself with a manly dignity, yet with a parental tenderness which enlisted the keenest sympathy. Signor Mongini gave an unwonted effect to the music of Arnold by the unsparing vigour of his singing. He should learn, however, to restrain himself, and not unnecessarily waste at the beginning of the opera an energy certain to be precious at a later time. Other parts were more or less well sustained by Mdlle. Scalchi (Edwige), Mdlle. Madigan (Jemmy), Signor Baggiolo (Walter), Signor Tagliacozzi (Gessler), and Mr. W. Morgan (Il Pescatore). The band and chorus were fairly good, and the *mise-en-scène* could hardly have been improved.

At the performance of "The Seasons" in Exeter Hall, yesterday week, the chief vocalists were Madame Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley, each of whom sang well, but failed to produce any special effect with airs which are a marked falling off from those of "The Creation." The choruses of "The Seasons" are often fine, and the orchestra is always interesting when playing Haydn's music; but, unfortunately, the Exeter Hall people were not in good "form," a want of precision, not to say of adequate knowledge, being here and there disagreeably manifest. No doubt a better effect was produced with the familiar "Messiah," on Wednesday evening last. *En passant*, is not the Sacred Harmonic Society attempting too much? Besides its regular concerts, it has the Handel Festival on hand; and the Albert Hall performances also. With so many irons in the fire there is a proverbial danger.

Saturday was in some sort a Gounod day at the Crystal Palace, the eminent French composer attending to conduct his own second (and latest) symphony in E flat; the air, "Salve dimora," from "Faust," and the saltarello in A minor, recently produced at the Philharmonic Concerts. The symphony was written many years ago, and before its author's individuality became manifest; the music, consequently, is less original than could be wished. M. Gounod should produce another symphony after his own fashion, and turn his peculiar orchestration into the highest of classic channels. The result would, at least, be interesting. A great effect was made with the somewhat *outré* saltarello; and M. Gounod had to return to the platform in acknowledgment of unanimous applause. Another important feature of this concert was the playing, by Madame Arabella Goddard, of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor. The work is too well known for description; and it will suffice to state that Madame Goddard played throughout in her best style, encountering enormous difficulties with marvellous ease, and bringing out the soul of the composition so clearly that all could understand. No wonder the audience recalled her by acclamation, for a richer treat no musical gourmand could desire. The vocalists were Madame Haydée-Abrek, Mdlle. Carola, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. The less said about the ladies the better.

The Saturday Popular Concerts closed last week; and this week saw the end of their Monday namesakes. Both concerts were for the benefit of the director, Mr. Arthur S. Chappell, and both were "bumpers." On Monday nearly all the artists of the season put in an appearance. Herr Joachim, Madame Néruda, Herr Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti represented the "strings"; Madame Schumann, Herr Hallé, and Herr Pauer were the pianists; Mr. Santley appeared as vocalist; and the accompanist was Sir Julius Benedict. What better in the way of an artist-show could heart desire? As a matter of course, the audience crowded the hall, and were enthusiastic from first to last—the more so because the pieces were familiar. We need not mention them, and may dismiss the "Pops" at once with a congratulation upon past success, and upon the announcement that they are to be resumed in November.

Sacred music is, of course, in the ascendant this week, and many concerts have been announced to take place on Good Friday at the Crystal Palace, St. James's Hall, and elsewhere. A special service was held in Westminster Abbey on Thursday evening, when Bach's "Passion" was performed, with full band and chorus. The circumstances connected with this affair are so interesting that we must return to the subject.

ROMAN REMAINS.—The experiment of a large farm for utilisation of the sewage of Croydon is about to be tried at Beddington, where an extensive tract of land north of Beddington Church, on the other side of the river Wand, and extending from Beddington-lane in the direction of Hackbridge railway station, has been acquired, and is being rapidly prepared for its purpose, under the direction of Mr. Latham, C.E. During the cutting of one of the main channels for carrying the sewage across the land, a small fragment of Roman walling was cut through; and a portion of the site of a villa, which appears to have been of large dimensions, has since been cleared by the contractor, under the direction of the clerk of the works. The building stood east and west, and the site is not far from being exactly north-east from Beddington Church and Hall, and about a third of a mile from them. A chamber 16 ft. 5 in. by 9 ft. 11 in. has been uncovered, and an opening from this leads into a semicircular apse in the north-west corner. A second chamber, which appears to be the base of a small tower, is partly beyond the north-east corner. The internal dimensions of this are only 3 ft. 1 in. by 7 ft. 9 in. Part of a third chamber or passage, 5 ft. 6 in. wide, has been met with east of the former ones; and several walls lead temptingly away from the uncovered portions. The walls are only about 15 in. high, and average about the same in thickness. They are constructed of rough flints, with a large admixture of the well-known flat Roman bricks, and have been plastered internally and externally. Some of the fragments of plaster met with in the excavations still show bright broad bands of red colour on a white ground. Numerous fragments of coarse pottery have been met with, but only one piece of Samian ware; and also portions of scored flue-tiles, showing that the building possessed a hypocaust. Three coins only appear to have been found. These are of Commodus, Constantine the Great, and Constantine, and are very much worn. The chambers have all been paved with flat tiles on a bed of concrete. The passing notice of these feeble fragments of ancient construction having been met with on so unpropitious a site and so unexpectedly may be their only record. Two of the channels before alluded to must, it appears, pass at right angles through the site; and what is not outlittered must, doubtless, be speedily again hidden from view. The site is at most level, and on very low land. There was nothing above ground to indicate the existence of ancient walling beneath; and the ground, which is fully 2 ft. deep above the walls, seemed to be quite undisturbed. The land around the spot where these remains have been discovered is full of organic remains, but no fragments of building have been met with elsewhere.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE three smaller rooms of the exhibition of this society contain a number of works of a varied character, many of them consisting of those pleasing domestic subjects which are always attractive to visitors. There is also a very fine collection of landscapes admirable examples of the work of some of the leading artists in this class. Continuing our notice in the order set down in the catalogue, we come to the South-East Room, where, over the doorway, is Mr. E. Griset's picture of a pack of wolves speeding over the snow,

With the long gallop which can tire
The hounds' deep hate and hunters' fire;

and suggesting a world of terrible fancies. In "The Mid-Day Meal" (178) Mr. J. E. Meadows gives us a pretty rustic picture of a team staying their labour beneath the shadow of the trees in a country road. Mr. W. H. Foster's "Pandy Falls, North Wales" (189), is a good bit of solid painting, with a rush of foamy water, perhaps a little too solid and woolly in rendering. "Dawn in the New Forest" (196), by Mr. H. Moore, is one of the finest effects in the gallery—a masterly handling of shadow and the break of night into day. Mr. F. Morgan's "Home from Plough" (205) is a capital little bit, the horses well posed and the whole rural scene admirably finished. The "Thames at Pangbourne" (209), by Mr. A. A. Glendening, is charming in its handling of subdued calm light; and Mr. Syers's "Scene near Bettws-y-Coed" (211) is an excellent example of effective foliage. Mr. Henry sends "The Rialto Buildings and Church of St. Giacomo di Rialto" (219), an admirable work, noticeable for its being a change from the constant pellucid blues and pinks of most of the Venetian paintings. "A Forest," by Mr. G. Lucas (224), should be noticed as a capital bit of wood scenery and greenswarded avenue. Mr. T. F. Wainwright's "Old Road through Hayward's-heath, Surrey," is another very attractive painting, full of pleasant evidence of the sympathy of the artist with his work; and Mr. Tennant's "Scene near Waterbury" (259) is a fine picture, excellent in the liquid character of the water and foliage; the latter quality being equally noticeable in another good work by the same artist, a "Glen Scene near Llangynydd" (286).

The water and sea pieces in this room are very good, beginning with one of Mr. H. M. Callum's realistic "Fishing for Bream" (179), representing a barefooted, sturdy lad, on board a solid little fishing-boat, intent on his business. There is no fanciful sentiment about this picture; but its reality and firmness of execution are better than all the fancies that could have been introduced into it. Mr. Lloyd's "Morning in the Channel" (111) deserves attention for its good effect; and "Moonlight on the Sea" (193), by Mr. A. Gilbert, is a pretty little bit of nice tone and finish. "A Fishing Town on the French Coast" (198), by Mr. J. J. Wilson, is admirable for the sense of motion in the clear green sea and the sense of wind along the steep street of the cliff-perched village. Another beautiful picture is Mr. A. Clint's "Evening—Coast Scene" (206), full of the golden shimmer of a summer haze, exquisitely painted. Mr. E. Hayes's "On the Scheldt" (254) is an excellent work, but with a little too much appearance of paintiness in the water—attributable, it may be, to our having seen it when the light in which it hung was imperfect. "Marazion Bay—with Fishing Boats Becalmed" (264), by the same artist, is very fine in light and atmosphere: a picture to be wished for by anyone who knows the Cornish sea.

Wonderful in effect is Mr. Danby's "Pirates Burning their Prize" (277), with such skilful management of the red light in the sky and its reflection in the ripple of the sea that its effect is far grander than all the attempts at lurid colour which an inferior hand would have striven to introduce. It is a scene to linger over and wonder about, and revisit.

Of the figure and genre subjects "Where Can It Be?" (189), by Mr. G. B. Head, is a pleasant study of a girl vainly searching in an old-fashioned cabinet, from which she looks up with a puzzled, thoughtful expression. Mr. Thom's "Seaside Courtship" (185) represents a French fisherman and his lass on the bench by a stranded boat, but it wants lightness, though it is carefully painted. Mr. A. Ludovic, jun., sends a half-classical "Daphnis and Chloe" (186); but the youth is unpleasant, especially in the legs, which are ungainly, and grazed about the shins. "Hard Pressed" (190), by Mr. V. Bromley, is a capital little picture of a rough, bravo-looking cavalier, standing, long-sword in hand, waiting in a kind of cellar or outhouse to which he has retreated. His pursuers are at the closed door, which they are breaking down, the point of a pike appearing through an opening. Behind him is a buxom damsel, who is standing with terrified expectation of the coming combat. "Wounded to the Heart" (197), by Mr. F. Levin, is a capital bit of character-painting representing a gay Zouave being introduced, with a chuck under the chin, by a plump, self-confident fisher-girl, to a fair blanchisseuse, to whom he offers a bouquet of flowers. The expression—half doubtful, half admiring, and wholly serious—of the girl is very good. The background of this picture—a bit of nicely-painted cliff and beach—is by Mr. F. T. Lott.

Mr. W. Bromley sends a pretty rustic picture of a boy and girl "Coming from Market" through a country lane (212), and Mrs. Chatterie an admirably-finished figure scene (220), which carries us back to the first legends of our childhood, when "Little Goody Two Shoes ran down the village crying 'Two shoes, Ma'am, two shoes!'" "The Tempter," by Mr. Edwin Roberts (225), is an excellent little picture of a "rascally boy" persuading a young fruit-seller to divide with him an apple from her stock in trade.

Mr. A. J. Woolner sends four pictures to the exhibition, and, though they are far apart, we must notice them altogether, for the following reason. There is all the delicate, hazy fineness of touch in the light and foliage and terraces, which are the scenery of each painting; but Mr. Woolner appears to have discovered a very charming but, as far as we can judge, a rather expressionless model—expressionless as a model for a certain symmetry of feature should be. Perhaps desiring to make the most of his discovery, the same young lady appears in all four pictures. First, as "The Sister of Viola" (232), who sits without telling her love, and letting concealment like a worm in the bud prey on her damask cheek while she regards two distant figures whose backs are towards her and the spectator. Then, turning to No. 245, "The Bracelet," we have Viola's sister in her stays putting a piece of jewellery on her fair wrist, without any more expression than she had when she never told her love. Again, in No. 260, we have Viola's sister in the character of "Maud" coming into what looks like another corner of the same garden as that in which concealment was like a worm in the bud; and, finally, in the South-West Room, and No. 364, we have "The Terrace, Haddon Hall, time of Charles II."—in which are three Viola's sisters dressed very much alike, except that one of the three has a hat and another a fan, being watched from a damp corner of the stone wall by a fourth Viola's sister, very slightly disguised as a page. Well, one can't easily have too much of a good thing, not even of Viola's sister's damask cheek; so the visitor can see which style he likes best.

In the two remaining rooms the most obviously-attractive works are Mr. G. Cole's "Dewy Eve" (299), a magnificently-painted picture, with wonderful cloud effect and the reflection of light in water; Mr. Danby's "Bay of Naples" (304); Mr. W. Bromley's "Playing at Marbles" (337), another charming little rustic scene of boys in a country lane; a West Highland Drove (365), by Mr. C. Jones, representing a grand group of Scotch cattle; and Mr. Tennant's "Lantern Rock Lighthouse, Ilfracombe" (460); and "The Ferry" (383)—full of firm rich colour. There are, however, a number of charming genre pictures and smaller landscapes which we wish our space would permit us to particularise. Among them, "Praying for the Sick and Wounded" (476), one of Mr. Haynes King's exquisitely-finished

works; and another fine seapiece, by Mr. Wilson, "Retour au Port" (509), which seems to be a companion picture to the fresh, breezy, liquid painting previously noticed. But, again, in these rooms we find we have not done with Viola's sister. Mr. Woolner introduces her to us again once in "Pyramus and Thisbe" (325), a charming picture of Viola's sister at a spring, where a hand holding a letter is coming through a hole in the wall, at which Viola's sister seems neither pleased nor surprised; and again in "Noon" (341), where we have a back view of Viola's sister on a terrace leading to a warm garden, on her way to which she shades her damask cheek with a yellow parasol.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY, accompanied by Prince Leopold, paid a visit, on Monday, to the ex-Emperor and Empress of the French at Chislehurst.

PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE left Windsor Castle, on Monday morning, for their bridal tour on the Continent.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON and the Prince Imperial have been made honorary members of the Junior United Service Club.

THE KING OF BAVARIA has sent to Prince Bismarck the decoration of the order of St. Hubert, set in diamonds, accompanied by an autograph letter.

THE QUEEN will hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace, on Tuesday, May 9, at three o'clock. The Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold Levees at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Wednesday, April 26 next, and on Saturday, May 13, at two o'clock.

PRINCE ARTHUR has presented to the museum of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich a converted Springfield rifle and bayonet, and a United States cavalry sword, taken from a Fenian prisoner captured in a skirmish at Eccles-hill, Missisquoi, Canada, on May 14, 1870. The trophy has been mounted on a stand in the hall of the museum.

MR. HENLEY, M.P., who has been very ill, is so far recovered that he has been enabled to return to his seat at Watperry, Oxon, where he will remain until his health is sufficiently improved to resume his Parliamentary duties.

MR. GEORGE LYALL was on Tuesday elected, without opposition, as Governor of the Bank of England for the ensuing year, and Mr. B. B. Greene was chosen Deputy Governor. Mr. R. W. Crawford, M.P., received a vote of thanks for his services during the term of his office.

THE GRAND JURY, sitting at the Old Bailey, on Tuesday, found a true bill against the two men, Campbell and Galbraith, who are charged with having been concerned in the wilful murder of Mr. Galloway, at Stratford.

A CLERK IN THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT who caused a false despatch to be sent to the Press Association as to the result of the boat-race in order to make "April fools" of the newspapers, has been suspended by Mr. Scudamore, pending the decision of the Postmaster-General respecting him.

THE QUEEN has been pleased to approve of the consolidation of the General Staff of the Army under one designation; and to direct that, in future, the General Staff shall pass under the denomination of "Officers of the Adjutant-General's and Quartermaster-General's Departments" throughout their several ranks; and that each Staff officer shall be available for employment in whatever branch the general officers in command may consider advisable.

THE VESSELS COMPOSING THE CHANNEL SQUADRON have received orders to be ready for sea by an early date for a cruise, which is expected to extend over some length of time.

MR. W. R. S. RALSTON is engaged upon what seems likely to prove an interesting book on the popular literature of Russia. It will be divided into three parts, of which the first will be devoted to the songs of the people, the second to the epic poems, and the third to their prose stories.

MR. HATHERDALE, a quarry owner, was lately found drowned in the river Avon, near Bath. A man named Carpenter and his wife are in custody on suspicion, it having been proved that they cashed a cheque which Mr. Hatherdale received on the day on which he was missed.

MR. LEONARD CHOZIO, librarian of the Sorbonne, at Paris, and one of the most distinguished members of the Polish emigration of 1831, has just died at Poitiers, aged seventy-one. On arriving in France he became aide-de-camp to General Lafayette, but soon after quitted the post for that of librarian to the Sorbonne, where his erudition and affable demeanour won him the esteem of the public.

A FARMER NAMED RYAN has been murdered at Clashdrum, near Cappawhite, in the county of Tipperary. The head was almost severed from the trunk, and the face deeply cut and slit. The man's wife has been apprehended, as well as two men named Collins, farmers. The cause is supposed to be jealousy, not a land dispute.

MARK GAINSFORD, whilst returning by railway from Trowbridge to Warminster, fell asleep, forgetting, of course, to get out of the carriage on reaching his destination. On waking, he threw himself out of the carriage window, about 200 yards beyond Warminster station, and sustained such serious injuries that he died soon afterwards.

THE SEAT FOR SOUTH NORFOLK is to be contested. Meetings of both political parties were held last Saturday, when Mr. R. T. Gordon was unanimously selected as the Liberal candidate, and Sir R. J. Buxton was chosen on the part of the Conservatives. Both are local men, and a close struggle is anticipated.

FRANCES ROGERS, baby farmer, was committed at Manchester, on Monday, for trial on four charges of murder; also for obtaining money by false pretences; and for misemeanour and neglecting to provide proper nourishment for children under her care.

MR. CHARLES FLOCKTON, lessee of the refreshment-rooms at Mirfield and Dewsbury Railway stations, was killed at Victoria station, Manchester, last Saturday evening. He was crossing the rails instead of using the foot-bridge, when a goods-train came up and knocked him down.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS has ordered that Queen-street, Grovenor-row, and Queen's-road East be re-named Pimlico-road; that John-street, Cambridge-heath, be re-named Vyner-street; and New-road, Hammersmith, re-named Goldhawk-street; that the houses in Great Winchester-street Buildings, City, and in numerous other streets, be re-named.

THE NORFOLK CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE had a discussion, last Saturday, upon the game laws. The chamber reaffirmed a resolution, passed in 1870, to the effect that hares and rabbits should cease to be deemed game within the meaning of the game laws, and that the owners and occupiers of land should have a joint right to kill them.

THE REPLY OF DR. DOLLINGER to the Archbishop of Munich, justifying his resistance to the dogma of infallibility, has just been published. He asks leave to maintain his position before the forthcoming assembly of Bishops at Fulda, maintaining that the dogma is opposed to Scripture, to the pastoral letters of many Bishops from the earliest times, and to the decisions of councils, and that it is contrary to the constitution of most European States.

WILLIAM BULL, aged twenty-one, was executed on Monday morning at Bedford, for the murder of Sarah Marshall, aged fifty-six, at Little Staughton, on Nov. 29 last. The prisoner until within a day or two of the execution strongly denied his guilt; but then made a full confession and admitted the justice of his sentence.

A MAN NAMED DOBBIE, an old offender, who would seem to be of opinion that defrauding the revenue is an innocent as well as a lucrative occupation, was fined £200 by the Liverpool magistrates, last week, for keeping two stills. A companion of his, named Johnson, was also convicted of a similar offence, and fined £100. Both offenders were ordered by the Bench to be detained in custody during her Majesty's pleasure.

THE NATIONAL INCOME FOR THE YEAR has amounted to £69,945,220—a decrease of nearly five millions and a half upon the figures of last year, when, however, an exceptionally large amount of taxes were collected in the first quarter. The revenue during the past three months has been £23,505,031—a decrease of £1,323,735 upon the return of the corresponding period of last year.

SEVERAL PERSONS, described as "gentlemen," were on Monday charged at Marlborough-street with having been guilty of disorderly conduct in the Haymarket, where on Saturday night the police were assailed, and an attempt was made to rescue a prisoner in lawful custody, the mob proceeding so far as to threaten an attack upon the station-house. Fines varying in amount from £2 to £10 were inflicted.

A PUBLIC-HOUSE AT CHATHAM, called the Hit or Miss, was completely gutted by fire last Saturday morning. A considerable number of persons slept on the premises, but all were rescued, but a soldier named Waldron, of the 76th Regiment. He was found dead from suffocation, under a bed, having passed from his own room to the next in the hope of escape. At an inquest held in the evening a verdict of accidental death was returned.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM DEATH has just occurred at Bridport. John Hyde, a plumber, was at work in a well 30 ft. below the surface, when the sides suddenly collapsed. A solid piece of rock fell over him so as to hold up the superincumbent weight, and he was able to tell the people at the surface the nature of his position. After fifteen hours' hard work an excavation was made, and he was rescued, little the worse for his entombment and the fearful state of apprehension in which he was frequently placed by stones falling in around him.

DYING THOUGHTS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

(From "Conversations on War and General Culture.")

WHAT I am always thinking of in these times is not the dead, but these who are left wounded—fatally wounded—on the battle-field; and not even so much of their physical agonies as of what may be their thoughts as they lie untended for hours, perhaps for days, slowly stiffening into death.

With many it may only be pain—masterful pain—the pain of a wounded animal—that absorbs the whole mind of the dying man; but if any one of them thinks away for a moment from his pain, what must be his thoughts? It is not likely that he has read his Shakespeare; but surely the thought, if not the expression, of the dying Mercutio comes to his lips, "A plague o' both your houses!" and he roughly curses in his inmost soul both King and Kaiser. No longer buoyed up by hatred (there never, perhaps, was much of that feeling in him), and no longer even supported by excitement, the whole madness of the thing he has been concerned in is revealed to him. Indignation consumes his soul, an indignation more profound than that of the dying gladiator, who thought of his "young barbarians at play;" an indignation more profound, I say, because he, the dying soldier has had, or seems to have had, some particle of free-will in the matter. He has, at least, shouted forth vainglorious boasts, and has joined in all that tavern exultation which forms such a ludicrous and horrible prelude to serious warfare. But all this seems to him now to belong to a former state of existence, and to have been transacted in another world. For now, wisdom, ever-lasting, mostly too late, has come upon him hand-in-hand with death!

Perhaps there is a sound of music in the camp of his own comrades, which his feeble voice cannot reach. They are merry there, and he hears the song which he, too, had often joined in singing at the tavern and on the march; but its strains are not so inspiring as they were then, and are but a mockery of his sufferings.

Is he a lover? He thinks of her. It is not always of their sorrowful parting that he thinks; for that strangely errant and ungovernable thing, memory, carries him back, perhaps, to some fond hour, hitherto forgotten—as when, one summer day, she threw wild flowers in his face while they were walking by the river-side, and was shy, and would not come as near to him as he wished; but never looked more beautiful. There is a strange complacency in his mind at the thought that he will be so much mourned over by her. If this blessing would but stop, he would scribble something to her—at least write her name. But it is so cold, and he must sleep for a few minutes. He will write her name when he awakes. But he never does awake.

Is he a son, too young, perhaps, to have been smitten very deeply with love for a maiden? His dying thoughts are wholly with his mother. No one scene, either of dread parting or of playful affection, brings her image before him; for, from his mother it has been continuous love; and it is the fond recollection of his whole short life-time, shared with her, that is present to his mind at once. Her grief, which he knows will not cease until her life ceases, is no consolation to him.

Is he a husband, and a father? His are the bitterest feelings. There is no consolation here—at least, no earthly consolation. What a world this is, in which he leaves those dear ones, is but too manifest to him from the way in which he has been made to depart from it. It would be a temptation worthy of the Arch-Tempter himself, standing by that dying soldier, to try what portion of his soul's welfare he would imperil, so that he might be permitted to behold his wife and children once again, if only in this dying hour. He listens for aid to come: to him life is inexpressibly dear. He hears the galloping of horse; but his trained ear knows that this is only the quick pursuit of friends or foes, and not the approach of any aid for him. The cold wind makes its strident noise amidst the reeds; he watches them bend before it; and it is, perhaps, the last thing that he sees or thinks about.

Some, the least fatally wounded, have spare thought for a fellow-sufferer lying near; and crawl to aid him; but the most part are lost in an overpowering pity and sorrow for themselves. And, besides, they are so thirsty.

There is in all their minds, whether they are sons, husbands, or lovers, a pervading sense of horrible ill-usage—ill-usage, by whom they scarcely know or care; but, had they energy, they would be inclined to curse the universal nature of things.

And oh, my God! how I wish that some of those who are the prime causes of all this agony could themselves suffer some of the agony they cause. But no; they are away in snug rooms, telegraphing accounts of victory, or summoning for slaughter new levies to their aid. Their time has not yet come.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MYTHOLOGY.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, in a lecture lately delivered by him at the Royal Institution on Mythology, began by pointing out the absurd and repulsive character of ancient mythology, and asked what interest such idle tales could have in the eyes of scholars and philosophers. He then showed that not only ancient philosophers, but some of the most eminent thinkers of modern times, had devoted great attention to the subject, and that the philosophy of mythology formed an important part of Schelling's "Positive Philosophy," published after the death of the author, in 1854. After reading some extracts from Greek philosophers, and explaining their views on the character of mythology, he drew attention to the fact that mythology was but one half of ancient religion, the other half being made up by ancient theosophy or philosophy. He then showed that all who had written on mythology, however much they might differ on other points, seemed to agree that mythology must not be taken in a literal sense—that it meant something different from what it seemed to mean; and he concluded, therefore, that the real problem was, why this should be so—why history should have been changed into fable, or fable into history—why moral teaching should have assumed an immoral guise, or why the forms and forces of nature should have been reflected by vivid imagination and subtle fancy, as gods and goddesses, as nymphs and shepherds?

This problem, the lecturer maintained, could only be solved by the science of language, which had shown that mythology, in its widest sense, was due to the reaction of language on the mind; that it pervaded not only religion and tradition, but every department of thought, and that it was an inevitable phase in the growth of human intellect. Greek mythology must be treated as a portion of Aryan mythology, and all religious mythology as an integral part of that larger class of mental phenomena in which we see language casting its dark shadow over thought. This was illustrated by several examples. "Psyche" meant originally breath, as the symbol of life; and when it had afterwards been raised to be the name of the soul or the immortal part of man, something of its former meaning still clung to it, and thus the idea that the soul of man was air-like was kept up for a long time. The Zulus call the soul the shadow; and such is the influence of language that, even against the evidence of the senses, the Zulus believe that a dead body can cast no shadow, because the shadow—or, as we should say, the ghost—has departed from it. The lecturer then explained the process by which names were formed in the early period of the history of language, showing that all names expressed general ideas, that language was impossible without the power of forming general ideas, and that this power constituted the real frontier line between man and the brutes. Examples were given how certain names of the sun were irresistibly drawn into the vortex of mythology, how the very fact of every word having a masculine or feminine termination leads to the idea that the sun and moon and other forms of nature are living and personal beings. It might seem strange that the ancient nations of the world should have preserved these stories of their childhood about the sun, the dawn, the moon, the sky, and the sea; but this very strangeness gave importance to the study of mythology in the eyes of the historian and psychologist. Mythological lore fills, in fact, a period in the history of Aryan thought, half way between the period of language and the period of incipient literature. Stories were quoted from other races showing the same mythological tendencies among Lapps, Finns, and Eschs as among Greeks and Romans. The lecturer ended with a strong protest against the unscientific character of most of the objections that had been raised against the scientific method in the interpretation of ancient myths.

LONDON POLICE COURTS.

FORTUNE-TELLING.—At Marlborough-street, last Saturday, an old woman on crutches, named Margaret Charlton, was charged with obtaining money from Louisa Bailey, dressmaker, under the pretence that she would tell her fortune. The prosecutrix said that she went to the prisoner's house and asked to have her fortune told. The prisoner produced a pack of cards, told her to cut them, and pay sixpence. The prisoner asked if she was married or single. The girl replied that she was single. The prisoner asked if she was keeping company with any young man. The girl said she had kept company with a dark young man some time ago. The prisoner told her that the dark young man was false to her, and that she would get into trouble through him. The prisoner asked her if she would like to hold the magic globe, for which she would have to pay another sixpence. The witness paid the money, and then a globe of crystal was placed in her hand. The prisoner told her to wish a wish, and she would tell her what she had wished. The girl wished that the prisoner's prophecy about the dark young man might not come true; and the prisoner told her she should have her wish, but would not tell what she had wished. After leaving the prisoner she told a young woman, a friend, what she had done. The young woman called on the prisoner and went through exactly the same proceedings. The prisoner afterwards told a detective who went to see her that her only means of living was by telling fortunes, and she had been a fortune-teller six years. The officer found in the house a number of letters containing postage-stamps, directed to the prisoner, asking questions and inquiring into future events. Mr. Knox said he should send her to prison for the full time—three months. The letters found in her possession were from different parts of the country, all from women, some asking about their future husbands, others when they were to be married and the number of children they were to have.

LAUNDRIES AND SMALLPOX.—A laundryman named Johnson, living at 1, Durham-place, Dalston-lane, was charged at the Worship-street Police Court, last Saturday, with sending out linen from his establishment while there was a case of smallpox in the house, without having it disinfected. The defendant said he could prove the linen was disinfected. A washer in his employment said that all the linen which passed through their hands was disinfected by placing carbolic acid in the rooms, and lime in the rooms for drying. Mr. Newton said he did not think that a proper disinfectant. Nothing could be more dangerous to the public than the sending out of linen in this way. He thought that the proper course to have pursued would have been for the sanitary officers of the parish to have the house shut up. The business, at least, should have been stopped. He ordered the defendant to pay a fine of 5s. and 2s. costs. Mr. Ellis, vestry clerk, said that the parish authorities had no knowledge of the house having smallpox in it until lately, when steps were at once taken to disinfect it. Mr. Newton said that the man should have had his business stopped. Mr. Ellis said that the parish authorities had no power to do that, and the clothes they could not deal with, as there was no apparatus in the parish.

"YOU MUSTN'T SUPPOSE I'M DRUNK!"—John Scott, a middle-aged man, was charged, at Bow-street, on Monday, with being drunk and disorderly at the police station. Police-Constable E 213 stated that on Sunday morning, about one o'clock, the defendant came into the station and abused the police. Here the defendant became very excited, called the witness a liar, and behaved in such an extraordinary manner that Mr. Flowers asked Redtail, the gaoler, if the defendant was quite sober. The prisoner (to Mr. Flowers): "Are you?" Mr. Flowers ordered the de-

fendant to be put back for a short time, and after a struggle the gaoler succeeded in getting him out of the dock. Half an hour afterwards the defendant was again put in the dock, and Mr. Flowers advised him to remain quiet. The Defendant: "You keep quiet, and don't ask me if I am drunk." Mr. Flowers said before they were quite sober, and he suspected that such was the case with the defendant, whom he did not wish to offend. The Defendant: "I'm very glad you apologise, and I'm very sorry I lost my temper with a magistrate because he told me I was drunk." The witness was about to continue his evidence, when the prisoner said to Mr. Flowers: "The fact of the matter is, he fell into the same mistake as you. He thought I was drunk, and allowed his imagination to run wild of reason." Mr. Flowers: "I cannot conceive it possible." The Defendant: "Don't conceive anything. You hear the evidence. I'm not going to be humbugged like this. Don't imagine I know nothing of the law, for I know quite as much of it as you do." The Witness: "On Saturday night"—The Defendant: "It was not Saturday. However, make as many blunders as you like." The gaoler said that the defendant had been previously charged at this court with being drunk, and always behaved in the dock in the same disorderly manner. The Defendant (in a loud tone): "Here is a charge! What is the charge? That man (witness) is murmuring something which you appear not to be able to hear. The charge ought to be read over to me. I know the law; but there is no law here. There is no justice in Bow-street. There are calumnies in Bow-street." Mr. Flowers: "I shall remand him to see if he is quite in his right mind." The Defendant: "What? Ha, ha, ha! Dear me! Here's Punch (taking the periodical referred to from his pocket, and throwing it towards his Worship). The defendant was then removed, laughing loudly.

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A BROKER.—Mr. James Dummelow, a colonial broker, in Mincing-lane, who had been arrested on a warrant, was, on Monday, charged before the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, on remand, with fraud, in having, in his capacity of a factor and an agent, appropriated to his own use a quantity of merchandise, of the value of £1500, which had been intrusted to him to sell, in contravention of a provision in the Act 24 and 25 Vict., cap. 92. Mr. Poland was counsel for the prosecution; Mr. Wontner, solicitor, appeared for the defence. In 1857 the defendant acted as broker for Messrs. Sowerby and Neville, glass manufacturers, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and purchased, under their instructions, 311 bags, or twenty-three tons, of saltpetre, of the value of £1095. He retained the delivery warrants, and shortly after the transaction he was requested by his principals to dispose of the goods to the best of his judgment, they being no longer of use to them in their business. He had full authority to sell the saltpetre whenever the price was satisfactory; and the sale was, in fact, left entirely in his hands. The price subsequently rose, and the saltpetre would have been worth about £1600. Some years elapsed before any account was required of the defendant; but in 1866 the prosecutors drew upon him for £500, which he accepted. The bill, however, was dishonoured at maturity. In 1869 they determined to have a settlement of the matter, and they applied to the defendant for information. In reply he stated that he anticipated a rise in the prices, that the result of a sale at that time would be a poor one, and that

he had held their goods, with many others, for a long period, awaiting a change in the course of business. Afterwards, in another letter, he referred to the effect of the war upon trade of every description, and added that in all probability there would be a great rise in the price of saltpetre at no distant date. The matter rested in this way until the beginning of this month, when the prosecutors instructed their London agent, Mr. Alexander Neville, to make inquiries of the defendant, and, if possible, to obtain possession of the saltpetre, which they imagined was in his possession. The defendant then, for the first time, stated that he disposed of the goods in November, 1866, for 19s. a cwt; but he could produce no papers to establish the truth of this statement except what appeared to be a rough calculation of the price. He, however, pointed to his ledger and bank-book, in which a transaction was entered, but no names were given. This explanation was deemed unsatisfactory, and the defendant received a communication from the firm to that effect. In answer, he protested strongly against their insinuations, remarking that he had been thirty-five years in the Mincing-lane business with an unblemished character, and that stronger terms could not have been applied to a rogue. He also stated that the saltpetre fetched £436 odd; that the charges for warehousing would be £185; and that a balance was due to them of about £250. He expressed regret that there had been a loss on the transaction, but offered for their disposal another twenty-three tons of saltpetre, or to treat the sale as one of that present date, becoming responsible for the increased price. This he repeated in several letters, but he had performed neither of his promises. He explained that he had removed from three offices since the sale in 1866, and that the papers must have been lost in the course of removal. The prosecutors, on condition of the sale being proved genuine, offered to close the matter by receiving £500 from the defendant, but this came to nothing. He was eventually arrested on a warrant, on Friday, and he then stated that he thought the affair had been settled. Negotiations with that view had been taking place between solicitors for each party up to the time the warrant was issued. The Lord Mayor, after a lengthened investigation, adjourned the case for a week, and admitted the defendant to bail, in the mean time, in his own recognisances in £1000.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31.

BANKRUPTS.—J. A. ABBOTT, Highbury, contractor—H. BRYANT, Whitechapel, horse-meat salesman—F. KEENE, Walworth—N. KENNY, Bedford-place, Commercial-road East, pianoforte-seller—W. H. MITCHELL, Chippendale-road, Harrow-road, builder—J. W. YOUNG, Savage-gardens, Tower-hill, general merchant—W. GRICE, York, tailor—M. D. ROE, Long Clawson, Leicester, farmer—R. PYLE, Bristol, baker—G. SUDLEY, Kaiting, builder—W. SMITH, Chesham—J. TRAVIS, Oldham, innkeeper—A. WATERS, Dersingham, Norfolk, victualler—M. WOOLCOCK, Devonport, travelling draper.

TUESDAY, APRIL 4.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.—G. CONEY, Great Cam-bridge-street, Hackney-road, bootmaker—T. GRACE, Whitwood Mere, Yorkshire, grocer—W. SMITH, Salisbury-street, Strand, newspaper proprietor—J. L. WILLIAMS, Everton, near Liverpool.

BANKRUPTS.—E. FLOWER, Aldgate, druggist's sundry-ware—C. A. HASLEWOOD, Mincing-lane, stockbroker's clerk—J. CATT, jun., Wiltshire, licensed victualler—W. DAVIS, Small-heath, near Birmingham, builder and brickmaker—W. CHAPPELL, Upper Beeding, builder—E. LANE, Crammer-green, farmer—J. D. MACGREGOR, Wood-green—J. OUTRAM, Woodville, near Barton-on-Trent, wood salesman—H. S. D. RICHARDSON, Manchester, barrister—F. WALNIGHT, West Derby, boiler-maker.

SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—D. G. MACKENZIE, Shieldaig, merchant—A. MEEK, Dunbarrow Mills, by Guthrie, miller—G. GRAY, Edinburgh, saddler—G. GRAY, Galashiels, spirit merchant—R. GRAY, Island of Westray, boatman—A. B. HENDERSON, Edinburgh, stationer—A. ALKARDYCE, Glasgow, plumber and gasfitter.

OZOKERIT (PATENTED). OZOKERIT.

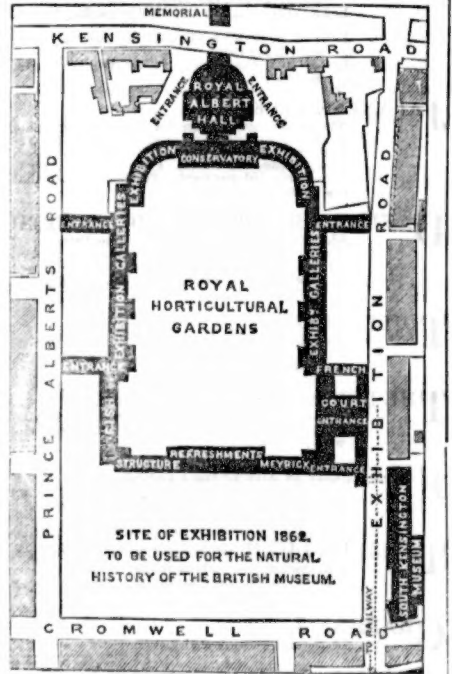
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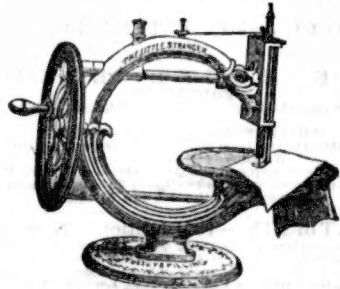
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